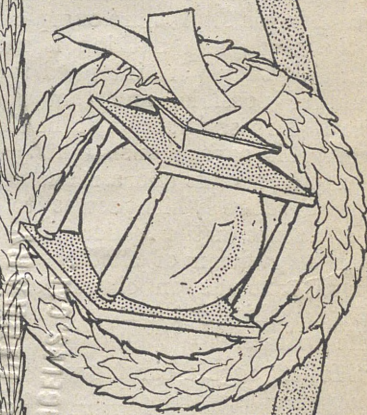
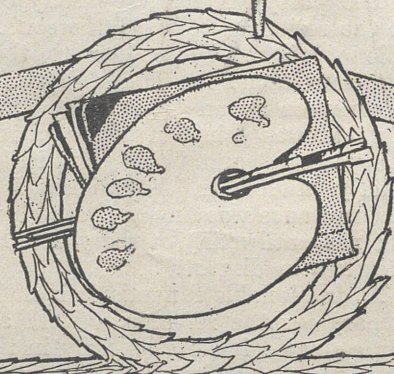
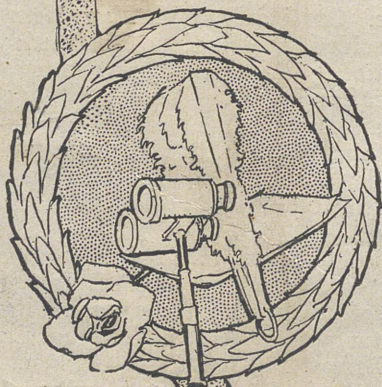


Graphic



VOL. XXVII. Los Angeles, Cal., August 10, 1907. No. 11



"Style Forty-Seven"

Weber

Is a most beautiful instrument. It graces many of the drawing rooms of Southern California and proves itself a most delightful companion for those who possess it.

Weber Tone is most sympathetic and has that wonderful quality so much sought for by our great musicians.

Paderewski and Rosenthal

use the Weber in their private and concert work exclusively.

Our Payment Plan

will enable you to own a lovely Weber. Let us tell you fully about it.

THE HOUSE OF MUSICAL QUALITY

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MUSIC Co.**

332-334 South Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

PRICE 10 CENTS

American Humorists—IX

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

While Ambrose Bierce, of California, is better known as a satirist than a humorist, he has turned out, after a quarter of a century's work on the *San Francisco Wasp*, *Argonaut* and *Examiner*, the best blend of satire and humor of any writer of English any where at any time. In Mr. Bierce's writings one is at different times reminded of Rabelais, of Swift, of Thackeray, of Heine, of La Bruyere, of Rochefoucauld, of many other satirists; yet it is never so close a resemblance as to suggest either conscious imitation or that involuntary reproduction which results from a complete absorption of some favorite author's thoughts and mannerisms. Mr. Bierce is at all times himself, and never a mere distorted copy of somebody else. His mastery of English is a personal delight and wonder to the open-minded reader of his writings and his mastery is best shown in the unflinching fitness of his expressions. Just as the feats of the accomplished athlete are performed with so apparent an ease as to suggest the absence of all difficulty in the movements, so the master of a language only exhibits his fullness by the precision with which his every thought is appropriately clothed. But evidently no mere mastery of language could impart any charm to a style which was deficient in ideas, and we must not therefore omit to express our admiration of the quaint and *outré* turns of thought which constantly surprise Mr. Bierce's readers. His vein is satirical, and he appears to have less pathos in his humor than is generally associated with so keen and biting a wit. There is a metallic ring in his satire, indeed, which does not suggest any thought of mercy for its object. All his swords are sharp-edged, and cut to the bone, and nothing is more apparent than that they were intended to do the most slaughter possible, and that the writer derives a deep satisfaction from the contemplation of his savage onslaughts. But there is at once a raciness and a refinement about Mr. Bierce's satire which seems to content the artistic sense of the reader.

His exposition of shoddy charms and his vicious take-offs on church and society dejects place him in the front rank of the world's virile writers.

"He is," says a careful writer in the *Sacramento Union*, "sometimes too impatient of literary weakness which his own great force renders him incapable of sympathizing with or tolerating. But in all that he writes there is a virile power, a concentrated lucidity, and a point so keen and incisive, that the most exacting literary taste is satisfied. Such a writer ought to have had a national, nay, a worldwide reputation, if the intellectual condition of the time had been what it is conventionally represented to be. But men whose minds are not run in a familiar mold are seldom appreciated by the dull mediocrity which issues the world's judgments, and perhaps the writings of Mr. Bierce will not be generally valued in accordance with their merit until a generation has risen which is more nearly on an intellectual level with him than the present one. If he is a Comtist this prospect may satisfy him. If he is not it is more likely to increase the causticity of his humor. But assuredly in him California possesses a satirist and humorist whose like and whose equal will be sought in vain throughout the republic of letters."

The following is a specimen of Bierce's

Social Notes, as contributed in the *San Francisco Wasp* in 1881-2:

The Vulgarine-Ignorams are Septembering in town, but will October in Milpitas, where they have a palatial mansionette that is real tasty.

Pogram McWollysnopple, Esq., intends to become a prominent citizen of Oakland some time in the fall. He will make it his native place. We congratulate all the other side of the Bay, for he is worth a cold million and is no slouch.

At a convention of husbands on California street, last Monday evening, Mr. Sadrake read a paper on the need of a plausible theory to account for long hairs on the coat.

The party given on Tuesday evening last at the residence of the Puffers was an enjoyable occasion. Next door to the residence is a church, and the festivities were frequently interrupted by an old-fashioned prayer meeting that was going on in the sacred edifice—the "amens" and "God-grant-its" being distinctly audible in the midst of the dance. The nuisance was finally abated by the police, but not until many of the guests had left the premises in disgust.

At fashionable funerals it is no longer customary for the remains to hold a reception; the coffin lid is screwed early in the proceedings, and the visitors are given wine instead.

The circumstances that Miss Inflatia Swineheart worships a St. Mammon's is taking all the golden youth of the city into that church. Some of our young society men have recently been much interested in her and salvation. She has a large fortune in her own right, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The society editor of the *Argonaut* is the gifted author of *Beautiful Snow*, *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* and the song *Johnny Comes Marching Home*. He is an accomplished performer on the French horn and makes all his own underclothing.

The cat is now carried on the left shoulder in passing from the parlor into the library, and on the right in going the other way.

Mrs. Suds will give a literary entertainment at her residence on Exquisite avenue next Thursday evening, when her beautiful and gifted niece, Miss Simpergiggle, will read Poe's *Raven*. She is an *elocutioniste* of remarkable powers, having twice received the highest honors in Professor's Drumlung's class and once drive an audience mad. Her rendering of *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is said to be unlike anything ever heard, and on one occasion it so fired the heart of a young man who was engaged to her that he instantly broke off the match, resolved to dedicate himself to the sword in the next war.

The autumn styles of corpses are mostly brunettes heavily rouged on the cheeks and lips.

Old man Snoop has returned from Mud Springs much improved in age. His daughter, Mrs. Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Straddleblind, has engaged lodging and board for him at the Alms House, where his private system of grammar will excite greater enthusiasm than it does at Humility Hill, as the charming villa of the Straddleblinds is called.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Downey Slique to Miss Enameline Slapup. The wedding will not take place for some time; the lady insists upon having the consolation of religion handy in case of need, and is trying to get it as hard as she can. She has been

exposed several times but it doesn't seem to catch on.

The immemorial question whether it is better to clean the finger nails at the dinner table or leave them dirty is again agitating San Francisco society. The discussion, as heretofore, involves more heat than light, several gentlemen having been recently knocked down in the debate; and the circumstance that many ladies' bangs have lately become thin and ragged shows that the fair sex is taking a lively interest in the subject.

Physicians declare that the apparently innocent habit of kissing lap dogs is fraught with peril—a fruitful source of contagion. They point to the recent mortality among the dogs as confirmatory evidence. It appears to be a matter in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might justly and advantageously interfere.

Mrs. d'Umpq-Arrt has returned from a visit to her aged father in the Sacramento almshouse and will resume her charming Wednesday evenings. She is worth three hundred thousand dollars and can do the social in bang-up style.

Old man Cacklethwaite will have a reception next Tuesday evening, which will be the selectest affair of the season. All are invited. There will be eating.

Mrs. Lowt has had her ears pierced. It was done by the singing of her second daughter, Miss Loobie.

The Sunday forenoons at the Hifli mansion are to be discontinued while the old man remains in town.

The engagement is announced of Miss Flitrappe to Mr. Lothario Gay. The wedding will take place as soon as possible after the death of Mr. Flitrappe, who, at last accounts, was pretty low.

It is no more than simple justice to explain that the cold mutton served at Mrs. Phattepate's *dansaut* was from Stall No. 516, California Market. The gentlemanly and obliging proprietor is prepared to supply all manner of meats and poultry at rates which have given him the *entree* to our best society.

Mrs. Goosigander, of Van Ness avenue, has decided to discontinue her Tuesday evening receptions during the prevalence of smallpox in her family. Those who have enjoyed the peculiar privilege of attending the singular entertainments will no doubt deeply regret this decision. It would seem to be more appropriate merely to hold them at the pest-house.

It is known that Mr. Quackingboss Drake is engaged to marry Miss Mallard, of Ducktown, who is greatly to be congratulated upon this tardy triumph of her charms, though Mr. Drake is himself no chicken. We are not authorized to announce this engagement, the patty sum which is customary to accept for such a service apparently having been hoarded for the expenses of the wedding. It is always pleasant for the conscientious editor to think of his honest perquisite going down all manner of throats in the form of a wedding breakfast.

One of the most enjoyable parties of the season was given on Thursday evening last by the hoodlumi of the little university around the corner. The guests comprised nearly all the gentlemen and ladies who have graduated during the past two years, the entertainment being held at the Mechanic's

(Continued on Page 9)

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

Published every week at Los Angeles, Cal., by
The GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Offices 392 Wilcox Building
Home Phone 8482 Sunset, Main 139
Vol. XXVII. No. 11
Los Angeles, August 10, 1907

Subscription in the United States, Canada and Mexico \$2.50 per year. Foreign subscription \$4.50 per year. Single copies ten cents. Sample copies and advertising rates on application. The Graphic is mailed to subscribers every Thursday, and should be received in Los Angeles and vicinity not later than Fridays. Please report delays to the publication office. Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal., as second class matter.

Matters of Moment

While more than a year must elapse before the next state campaign is fairly launched, all of the elements that are opposed to the reign of the Southern Pacific in the Republican party of California may be

To Eliminate The Railroad. said to be fairly well united to accomplish this end. No other interpretation can be placed on the organization of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Clubs. When this new political factor was brought into being at Oakland, one of its chief purposes was stated to be to bring about the renomination of the president; if he persists in his refusal, to aid in nominating some man who will carry out the Rooseveltian policies. But there is a deeper significance in the Lincoln-Roosevelt Clubs. An analysis of the personality of the organizers should convince the most casual thinker that the underlying purpose is to down Herrin and to unhorse his chief lieutenant in Southern California, Parker. No matter what reasons actuate the founders, whether from motives of pure politics or motives of revenge, the common end is the same.

The list of the organizers will bear study. Those who attended the Oakland gathering were:

G. B. Daniels, the Oakland *Enquirer*.
Former Governor George C. Pardee, Oakland.
Robert A. Waring, Sacramento.
Lee C. Gates, Los Angeles.
Harold Power, Auburn.
Daniel A. Ryan, San Francisco.
Edward A. Dickson and R. D. Wade, Los Angeles.
Wylie M. Giffen, Fresno.
Hugh W. Adams, Jr., Los Angeles.
C. W. Horneck, San Francisco *Call*.
George A. Van Smith, San Francisco *Call*.
D. Edward Collins, president Bank of California, Oakland.
William R. Davis, attorney, Oakland.
Judge William H. Waste, Berkeley.
Ernest Weyland, Colusa.
E. T. Manwell, Wheatland.
George G. Radcliffe, Watsonville *Pajaronian*.
W. A. Johnson, San Dimas.
Prescott J. Cogswell, El Monte.
Irving Martin, Stockton *Record*.

A. J. Pillsbury, Sacramento *Union*.
Francis J. Heney, San Francisco.
Assemblyman Drew, Fresno.
Frank R. Devlin, Vallejo.
John M. Eshelman, Calexico.
J. Lincoln Steffens.
William MacDonald, Providence, R. I.
A. L. Shinn, Sacramento.
David Reese, Sacramento.
John N. Anderson, Santa Ana.
Ernest S. Simpson, San Francisco *Call*.
Duncan McPherson, Santa Cruz *Sentinel*.
Judge Waldo M. York, Los Angeles.
M. Lissner, Los Angeles.
T. C. Hocking, Modesto *Herald*.
Marshall Stimson, Los Angeles.
Attorney Charles E. Snook, Oakland.
Mayor Frank K. Mott, Oakland.

As far as the northern delegates go, they may be classified as belonging to four divisions.

1. The good government element, a represented by Frank R. Devlin, of Vallejo, and others.

2. The Pardee crowd, led by former Governor George C. Pardee, who are disgruntled at the failure of the last state convention to re-nominate their candidate.

3. The Call-Spreckels-Heney combination, represented by Mr. Heney, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Horneck and Lincoln Steffens.

4. The would-be job holders, like Duncan McPherson.

Now the southern wing of this combination is made up of different elements, excepting as to the good government division. The southern wing may be classified as follows:

1. The good government people, of whom Marshall Stimson is a prominent exemplar.

2. The Union League Club, including the Hughes-Bulla machine, represented by Lee Gates, R. D. Wade, and others.

3. E. T. Earl and the *Evening Express*. Mr. Earl had a special representative on the ground, and is already beginning to discredit the movement by advocating it.

4. The Municipal League, represented by Meyer Lissner.

5. The "long hairs," represented by J. M. Eshelman, formerly of Berkeley and now of Calexico.

This is quite an array of various forces and the leader who undertakes to weld them into a cohesive fighting body has a herculean task. Quite the greatest obstacle to success will be to induce each element to sacrifice some of its extreme views to the common good. In any party there are widely divergent shades of opinion on side issues. To be successful a party must have one great central principle to which all other things must be subordinated. If all of these people will drop everything else and concentrate their endeavors against the railroad reign they may attain their ends. Otherwise they will fail.

The program is naturally a long one. The first step is to capture the "works" at the next state convention—to gain control of the party machinery and to send a delegation to the national convention. Half of the state senators and all of the representatives in the lower house will be elected next year. The gubernatorial plan will develop at the succeeding campaign.

By all means the most significant event at the gathering was the statement by Mr. Heney that while he had hitherto been aligned with the Democracy he thoroughly indorsed the aims of the Lincoln-Roosevelts. That indicates Heney for governor. Almost as significant was Heney's statement that Rudolph Spreckels would fall into line. That means that the "sinews of war," will be provided, although on that point no fear need to have been felt. The Union League of Los Angeles has always provided liberally for such contingencies in times past. With Mr. Heney for governor, a southern man will be picked out for lieutenant governor and it may be stated positively that Mr. E. T. Earl is in training for that honor.

Prophecy in matters political is generally bad business. The *Graphic* has fought staunchly for the elimination of Mr. Herrin and the railroad. Battling for a common cause, this Lincoln-Roosevelt body can give Mr. Herrin and Mr. Parker something to think about. If defeated in the next state convention, it will, no doubt, raise the banner of revolt and declare a Holy War. It is strong enough to defeat the Republican state nominees, if

these are named by Herrin and Parker, even as Hearst with his Independence League defeated Theodore Bell.

Already there is a disposition among the northern element, of the clubs, particularly among those living in Oakland and thereabouts to choose former Governor George C. Pardee as the leader of the cause. To do so would be a vital mistake. George C. Pardee is a man with a grouch, a hard loser and moreover he has the political office hunting bee in his bonnet, believing that the senatorial toga now worn by Perkins would fit him. Political job chasing by the leader will wreck the craft. A purpose higher than landing offices must animate the organization. There is one man who will naturally affiliate with the movement who is worth a hundred Pardees as director-in-chief. His name is Thomas Hughes; his residence, Los Angeles. All that militates against his assuming control is that he has not been in good health for some months but perhaps his recent trip to Alaska has remedied that.

With this combination of circumstances in prospect it is no wonder that Mayor Harper and Anthony Schwamm, his adviser in chief, see glittering possibilities in the next gubernatorial campaign. The *Graphic* is beginning to believe that, after all, Arthur C. Harper is a true Child of Destiny. A split of the Los Angeles Republicans made him Mayor. A split in the Republicans of California may make him governor.

Whenever a community develops to a point at which strictly utilitarian projects are not given individual attention, there springs up a desire for adornment. Parks

are given precedence and eventually there arises a demand for statues. Los Angeles reached

the statue stage of civic evolution when the soldiers' memorial was erected in Central Park. The second manifestation was found in the White memorial which, some day, is to be placed on the Broadway side of the Court House. Los Angeles, however, is singularly poor in statues. We have no sculptural geniuses among us like Douglass

Tilden, whose works appeal to the artistic sense. We are unfortunate in having few available sites for public statues—nothing to compare with the sites along Market street, San Francisco, which are already adorned with the Mechanics group by Tilden, the Native Sons statue by Tilden, First California Regiment memorial by Tilden, all of which would be a credit to any city. We are fortunate in possessing neither the atrocious statue of Garfield in Golden Gate Park, nor the inartistic Francis Scott Key memorial at the same place.

At this writing San Diego is growing ambitious; wants a statue of some sort. So far a statue of General U. S. Grant is proposed, probably because U. S. Grant, Jr., is a resident of the place. General Grant, it is true, saw San Diego in its infancy before the Civil War, but he is no more identified with California than General William T. Sherman or General Henry W. Halleck, or Justice Stephen J. Field. In choosing an appropriate subject for a monument, local conditions should have due consideration. An appropriate place for a Grant statue would be at Point Pleasant, O., his birthplace; or at Galena, Ill., from which place his public career may be said to have begun; or at Appomattox where he received the surrender of Lee. The national memorial at New York overshadows all that can be done.

As there is reason for the Meade statue at Philadelphia, the Logan statue at Chicago, the Morton statue at Indianapolis, the McKinley statue at Columbus, so there is reason for a statue to the memory of Cabrillo at San Diego.

He put the city on the map.

Still, this is San Diego's concern and not ours. Yet we trust that the suggestion will not be taken amiss.

Five years ago it would have been practically an impossibility to have secured the infliction of a fine of twenty-nine million dollars against the Standard Oil, or any other trust. So firmly were the trust

Against Rebating. magnates intrenched that the merest suggestion of such a fine would have excited derision. In sooth,

the wheels of Justice are beginning to grind exceedingly fine, when they are able to impose a twenty-nine million dollar penalty on Mr. Rockefeller's corporation; the old time courts could be depended upon to inflict punishment only upon the poor and defenseless. It is less than three years ago that Henry T. Gage stated that no millionaire had ever reached San Quentin. Since that time one millionaire did reach the penitentiary. The change bodes well for the belief that some day even-handed Justice will be dealt out to the rich and influential as well as to the poor and inconsequential.

Mr. Rockefeller and his band of able men, who fly the commercial Jolly Roger, affect a smiling indifference to the penalty which has been imposed. One of Mr. Rockefeller's chief lieutenants sarcastically says that "the fine will never be paid." Unfortunately, we presume that in a sense this is true. Mr. Rockefeller's merry men can meet a little payment like twenty-nine million dollars by the very simple process of raising the price of oil, and Mr. Citizen, as usual, will foot the bill. But nevertheless, the infliction of such a fine by the courts is a sign for hopefulness. Measures can be found to make even John D. Rockefeller pay the penalty out of his own resources.

It is well that the prosecution has decided to proceed in this connection against the Alton road, which was guilty of granting the rebates that led to the infliction of the fine. In spite of every statute to the contrary it may be taken for granted that every trunk railroad in the United States grants rebates to trusts or powerful shippers and gives no such favors to the average every day citizen who uses these common carriers. In California flagrant cases of rebate granting are known, it being immaterial under what name these rebates figure. If the Federal courts of Illinois will follow up the inquiry now half done, and will make an example of the Alton road we will hear less in the future of the ability of one shipper to stifle competition with the connivance of the railroads.

From the Inside

XII.

Awaiting Two Important Decisions of the Supreme Court—Immediate Fate both of the Graft Prosecution and the Taylor Administration Depend—A New Factor in State Politics—Constituents of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League—Some Disgruntled Politicians And Others—End of the Stupid Telephone Strike Another Victory for the Open Shop—Ranks of the Carmen's Union Invaded by a New Organization Opposed to Cornelius.

San Francisco, August 13th.

Two very important, indeed fundamental, questions are to be settled by the State Supreme Court this week. Upon these decisions will depend in a large measure both the immediate fate of the graft prosecution and the status of the present Taylor administration. If the Supreme Court upholds the opinion of Judge Carroll Cook, who, while refusing to make a decisive ruling, showed that he entertained directly opposite views to those of his colleague, Judge Dunne, concerning the validity of the present Grand Jury, all the indictments against the United Railroads, the telephone companies, the gas company, and the Parkside Realty Company, will fall to the ground. To the lay mind it seems obvious that the Grand Jury is not a perpetual body,

and that the Oliver Grand Jury ceased to exist, under the law, January 31, 1907. If the Supreme Court upholds this opinion, the prosecution will have to begin all over again, with the exception of those indictments returned against Ruef and Schmitz last fall.

As yet Heney and Langdon refuse to entertain any such possibility, and have not outlined their course in the event of the Supreme Court's decision being adverse to them. Two courses will be open to them: To await the process of drawing another grand jury, or to proceed against the various defendants by directly swearing out complaints against them. To wait upon another grand jury and to present to it the evidence on which all the previous indictments were founded would be

a long and tedious process. And time is running short.

The life of the present District Attorney's administration is less than five months, and Langdon is by no means sure of re-election. In fact, at the present time he is rambling around still doubtful where he can secure a nomination. His former god-father, the Independence League, has declared that it will take no part in the approaching civic campaign, and even if it did so there would be no place for Langdon since he has broken away from the Hearst leading strings and today is *persona non grata* in the *Examiner* office. The Labor Union party, on whose ticket Langdon was elected to his present office, will have none of him. Certainly he

cannot expect to slide back into the ranks of the Democracy, which he so wantonly betrayed last fall by running as the candidate of the Independence League for the governorship and thus insuring the election of the Republican nominee. Langdon's ambitions indeed have been so vaulting that he has overleaped himself.

It is probable, then, that should the Supreme Court decide against the validity of the present Grand Jury, Spreckels, Heney and Langdon will make a fresh start with individual complaints. The popular impression that all the defendants in the bribery cases have been "sparring for time" and are anxious to avoid trial—an impression which has been carefully nursed by the majority of the state press—is not sustained by a conversation I had with Mr. Calhoun last week. He said in substance: "Let them go to the bat. I am ready for them at any time, and personally regret the long delay in bringing to trial the baseless charges against me."

When Is A Convict?

The second decision of vital importance expected from the Supreme Court this week is concerning the status of Eugene E. Schmitz. It would appear that the riddle the justice is, "When is a man a convict?" It is certain that a convict cannot hold public office. But does a man become a convict while his case is still on appeal? It appears to be a knotty problem. What an illuminating revelation of the advantages of direct legislation, and notably the recall, have events of the past few months in San Francisco been. If the recall had been part of the San Francisco's charter, Schmitz long ago would have ceased to trouble San Francisco and to involve the municipality in all kinds of disgraceful complications. As far as expediency goes, there can be no question as to what the ruling of the Supreme Court would be. But between expediency and the law unhappily there is often a great gulf fixed. If only Mayor Taylor and his admirable sixteen, out of the eighteen, Supervisors are given half a chance they may accomplish more in five months for San Francisco than a body of ignorant, inefficient and boodling Supervisors could do in a life time.

New Factor in Politics.

Does the foundation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League of Republican Clubs at Oakland last Thursday evening mean the introduction of a new era in California politics? The optimist will hope so; the *Graphic* hopes so. A delivery of the State's politics from the Southern Pacific machine, to which California has so long surrendered herself, would be hailed with universal satisfaction even by those who supported it because there was no alternative, or those who with political ambitions have been weak enough to be subservient to its rule. The machine moves in a mysterious way "its wonders to perform." In the last campaign we saw General Otis, of the *Times*, and Mr. William F. Herrin in the same camp, both advocating the election of Gillett, who no doubt owed his promotion to the Herrin forces. So far Gillett has proved an excellent Governor. So far Frank Flint has proved an excellent United States Senator, and now that he has broken away from the Southern Pacific leading strings and ranks himself as a Roosevelt man, and therefore not as a railroad man, his service is sure to be still more valuable. But nevertheless both Gillett and Flint owe their political distinction to the fact that they were "machine made." It is a truth no longer to be controverted that for efficiency in politics there must be a machine.

And if there is a machine there must be a boss. Who is to be the boss of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, and in what personal interests is its machine to work? The wise ones will tell you that this new league has been formed to protect the interests of the Western Pacific. It would be sad indeed if we found ourselves in this great reform movement simply swapping one railroad machine for another.

Among the Disgruntled.

It is generally regretted, by the outsiders at least, that among the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are to be found so many of those were glad enough to train with the machine as long as there was anything in it for them. Our late unlamented governor, "Weak Brother" Pardee, is a conspicuous example. Pardee was on his knees to the Herrin organization as long as there was any chance of getting its support for renomination. Throughout his term, until the last six months, he trained complacently with the leaders of the organization and the agents of the Southern Pacific. Furthermore, when the organization in its wisdom realized that Pardee had dished himself as an unpopular morsel, and had refused him its support, Pardee turned even unto Abe Ruef, and it is believed offered to fill out commissions in advance for water front patronage and other state appointments—the same bait that Ruef unsuccessfully dangled before Henry T. Gage—in exchange for Ruef's support in the state convention. Abe Ruef also "shook" Pardee, declaring that the good Oakland doctor had failed to keep his word with him in a previous transaction and he could not afford to trust him a second time.

Judge York twice owed his election to the Superior bench to the regular Republican organization, and only since his failure on the third nomination has come out as a virile opponent of the machine. Among others of the disgruntled who formerly drew plums from the organization are George Radcliffe, who was once postmaster; A. J. Pillsbury, who formerly was secretary of the State Board of Equalization and pleaded to be retained; also Charles W. Snook, of Oakland, who is attorney for the State Board of Regents, which position is now in jeopardy—Mr. Snook is also attorney for the Western Pacific—and a number of others, including Senator Forbes, who are now prominent among the antis and have alliances with the Gould road.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt League will have no monopoly of Roosevelt. It is certain that if there is any chance whatever of Roosevelt consenting again to be a candidate, the regular Republican organization in California will support him. It would be folly for the Southern Pacific machine to attempt to stem the tide of Roosevelt sentiment in this state, and apparently even the leaders of the machine thoroughly recognize this fact.

Heney's Politics.

It would appear that the fathers of the new organization might have gone one step further and called it the Lincoln-Roosevelt-Heney League, for it was the redoubtable Francis J. that "cut the most ice" in the proceedings at Oakland last Thursday, and it was Heney whose candidacy for governor was then and there declared and greeted with enthusiasm. Heney himself, although a life-long Democrat and once an aspirant for the first United States Senatorship of Arizona, expressed his willingness to become identified with the new organization. The new league apparently will be welcome to a monopoly of Heney. A day or two after the foundation of the league a district

campaign committee of the Union Labor party passed a resolution suggesting to President Roosevelt "that he authorize Francis J. Heney to declare which political party he intends to affiliate with, and if with all parties to please so state!"

There were several notable absentees at the accouchement of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League; notably Senator Robert N. Bulla and Tom Hughes, who have rendered more stalwart service in fighting the machine in our end of the state than any other two men. Nor were the names of those "natural antis" Senator Rowell, of Fresno; Senator Charles M. Belshaw, of Contra Costa; nor Senator Thomas Flint, of San Juan, to be found in the list. Los Angeles was represented by Judge York, M. Lissner, Marshall Stimson and Robert D. Wade.

Open Shop Telephones.

Another of the minor strikes has died of inanition. The *Examiner* announced on Saturday with a great flourish of trumpets that the telephone girls "had won their strike and scored a victory." Mr. Hearst's daily dispenser of sensation, dissension and misinformation claims that the telephone girls have "won recognition of their union." This, as is so frequently the case with the *Examiner's* claims, is the reverse of the truth. The third clause of the settlement reached last week declares specifically, "Open shop will prevail in the offices of the Telephone Company;" and the fourth clause explains more fully that "Girls will apply individually for their positions." As a matter of fact the operators who have now gone back to work after fourteen weeks of silly and futile idleness will work under absolutely the same conditions as existed before the strike was called. The operators who remained faithful to the company, and the recruits who joined the telephone company's forces, have been working under these conditions, and there will be no change. The increase of wages amounting from eight to twenty dollars a month, was granted voluntarily by the company shortly before the strike.

Car Strike Developments.

There are few new developments of importance to report in the street car strike, which is still being conducted with dogged disappointment by Cornelius and his deluded cohorts. The receipts of the United Railroads for the month of July averaged \$2,500 a day more than those of the previous month. From these returns it is evident that many of those who joined in the boycott of the company have grown weary of walking or of paying double fare for being miserably jolted over the rough streets in union busses drawn by over-worked and underfed horses.

Sunday is the most perilous day of the week, but Sunday's grist shows that only one platform man was shot. A non-union motorman was twice shot and fatally injured in the Mission Sunday night. Other diversions of Sabbath were a shot fired through the window of a Fillmore street car and the hurling of a number of beer bottles and other missiles through the windows of several Valencia street cars. The net haul of the police up to date was one man caught in the act of throwing a brick.

That serious dissension exists in the ranks of the Carmen's Union is obvious, and indeed is not to be wondered at. Even the *Bulletin* has at last aroused itself to an attack upon Secretary Bowling, of the Carmen's Union. Bowling is accused of riding around in an automobile doing Schmitz politics—whatever that may be—instead of attending to strike affairs. Dissatisfaction that will not down is

voiced against the strike leaders, who, while they claim they are receiving \$30,000 a week of support from sympathetic unions, yet refuse to make any statement of how these funds are disbursed.

The revolt from Cornelius's leadership has been demonstrated by the formation of a new and independent organization composed of striking carmen. It is known as the Street Railway Association of San Francisco. Its founder and moving spirit is a former platform man, Harry Harrison, who was a member of the executive committee of the Carmen's Union and chief of Cornelius's detective force. In a recent meeting of the Carmen's Union Harrison accused another of Cornelius's lieutenants, Cordis, who is now under indictment for short-circuiting wires of the United Railroads, of selling information to the enemy.

Instead of Cornelius even consenting to investigate the charges against Cordis, the president of the union insisted on Harrison's expulsion. The new organization dates from Harrison's expulsion, and the Street Railway Association, to which former members of Division 205 of the Carmen's Union only are eligible, already claims, according to Harrison, two hundred members.

Exit Dr. Clinton.

Dr. Clinton, the militant medicine man from the Mission, who made a hostile demonstration when Patrick Calhoun was so warmly welcomed at the Olympic Club's dinner, has been expelled from the club. The expulsion was by the unanimous vote of the directors for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman in making an unseemly scene at a club function and for

advertising his exploit in the daily newspapers." Dr. Clinton is now posing as a hero and a martyr, and the Spreckels organs are surrounding him with fitting halos. Rudolph Spreckels, the other member of the Olympic Club who was so grievously wounded by the reception given Calhoun, has had to face the withdrawal of a number of accounts from the First National Bank since he caused the \$40,000 loan to the Olympic to be called in. The Olympic will now do its banking elsewhere. Other directors and stockholders in the First National are not overjoyed by their president's policies of private vengeance. What Mr. Spreckels calls "the ordinary course of business" is regarded by many, and particularly by those who have had occasion to do business with him, as a very extraordinary course.

R. H. Hay Chapman

The Least of These.

By CARRIE REYNOLDS.

Manuel knew that part of the city which bounded his small life. He knew the filthy Mexican hovels where seven slept and ate in a room, where cursings and kickings were an accepted part of life, and where, when a new baby came into the world, there was nothing in which to wrap its tiny body. He knew, too, of the long dark alleyways of Chinatown, where low-browed houses frowned menacingly, and where all day there was morbid silence, save for the occasional click of shuffling heels on the street, or the discordant croon of a slave girl. He knew much of the opium dens where men sold their souls for the sake of the little pellets; he knew much of the rat-hole tunnels and places of ill-fame that lurked in the cowering cellars. Often Hop Wah, the pipe mender, who smoked all day in front of his narrow crimson door, would watch Manuel with kindly eyes and tell him much of the wisdom of Confucius. "But thou art a rat, thou wise one—thou art learning too much of thy honorable superior's ways. Be thou gone and hold thy tongue, little rat," he would say, and Manuel's respectful bow and "Tis well, Kwai," were music to the old man.

Who Manuel was or where he came from no one knew—nor cared. He hung about the market places, filching what he could, searching the refuse, and accepting whatever came his way with a calm philosophy. Sometimes a stall-man, touched by the dumb questioning of Manuel's soft Mexican eyes would toss him a great yellow orange, and there would be a gleam of white teeth and a shy, soft, "Gracias, senior." Manuel's mother had been Mexican but his father was of the honorable Chinese—

the sons of Tai—so much Hop Wah told, but when questioned further he veiled his eyes and serenely continued his smoking.

Beth Gilmour first saw him as he stood leaning against the door of the Chinese Mission. His brown hand clutched her skirt as she passed. "Can I come in?" he queried breathlessly. "I'm part Chink."

There was a musical strangeness in his accent that ill accorded with the street gamin roughness of his words. She took his hand in hers. "Yes, dear, you will come in with me."

Manuel drew a deep breath of satisfaction. Her voice was like a breath of the sea air at Redondo, where José had once taken him. It was the sort of voice one expected from a girl with clear frank eyes, and that boyishly winsome face. Her cool hand held Manuel's close, and he wondered vaguely, happily, why he tingled at its clasp. The elusive scent of violets about her person set his heart to throbbing. Once when she bent and her fragrant hair brushed his face a chill shook his body. For Manuel was sensually impressionable—there was a dormant soul within him, but only once had it been touched. Only once had Manuel felt that stir within him; that was when 'Lita died, and they lay her in the cool, dingy chapel, with candles at her tiny head and wizened feet. Then he had knelt before the Blessed Virgin and prayed that he might just once feel the touch of 'Lita baby hands, to hear her thin querulous cry; prayed that this strange, gnawing ache in his child heart might be eased. Somehow he thought of 'Lita now—or was it the Virgin—or was it both? Beth's eyes had in them the clear sweetness of 'Lita's—but her face! Something in that quiet, fearless face made Manuel catch his breath.

After that he thought of her as the Virgin, very reverently, and the unresponsive figure in the church grew more real to him, for it was Beth that smiled down at him with those carved lips.

He dogged the girl's footsteps whenever he might, and she found that his assistance was not to be despised. His words seemed to hold weight with her pupils in spite of their domineering ring. But Manuel did not take kindly to her idea of converting the Chinese. "They're only working yuh. New Years they'll fergit all about the Lord and git drunk. I know!" he said cynically, but desisted when he saw the pain in Beth's face. Another time he approached Beth seriously. "Ah Fat's no good, lady," he said gravely. "I know he dressed American, but he's got his queue curled up under that hat. He's sneaky"

Beth grew indignant. Ah Fat was her star pupil, her pride. He was very pious and devoted, helped her with her classes and spoke English fluently. And more than once when the devoted Doctor Robert Knight could not take his fiancée home from the mission, Ah Fat had acted as escort, and very capably, too. To be sure the young doctor objected, but when a young girl pouts saucily and wheedles with soft eyes and softer words—what is an adoring lover to do? After they were married, the doctor would change the order of things. Manuel's keen eyes kept watch—but then Manuel could not always be present. Sometimes he was absent from the mission for days. Once when he reappeared after an absence, he was bruised, and there were welts across his face and purple shadows beneath his eyes. Beth inquired gently as to the trouble, but Manuel shook his head and set his teeth. "Never mind, lady. I'm goin' to live with Hop Wah after this." Beth shuddered at the prospect of living in Hop Wah's dingy cellar. She put her arm about Manuel's shoulders. "We need a little boy at the house, Manuel, some one to run errands and help old Job with the lawn. Suppose you should be that boy." And Manuel, with the stoical reserve of the Chinese nature, accepted her offer, but Beth saw the happiness gleam in his dark Mexican eyes.

Manuel did well in his fashion. Some days the Mexican side of his complex nature was uppermost, and then he would be found beneath a pepper tree, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the hose was pouring a turbulent stream into the gutter. Then, too, Manuel took things that were not his own. Nothing of great value, it is true, but nevertheless they disappeared, and Manuel was usually at fault. Each time he promised Beth to do better; each time she believed in him.

But one day a gold piece which the doctor had given Beth for her "heathen" disappeared from the porch table. Dr. Knight insisted on searching Manuel who was discovered innocently lying beneath the palm tree. In spite of Beth's furious, "Robert, For shame" the doctor performed his duty. The gold piece was not to be found. The doctor looked into Manuel's eyes. "Did you take five-dollars from the table, my boy?" Manuel's answer was a queerly muffled "Nope."

Beth was indignant. She refused to smile at her lover as she started for the mission and her mouth was just a wee bit tremulous.

Robert came early that night to make his peace. He and Mr. Gilmore sat long on the

*Dry Point Etching in Mellow Sepia-
Toned Platinotypes Beautifully Mounted*

Heckel

New Studio
336 I-2 South Broadway

porch, watching and waiting, but Beth did not come. Presently Manuel, his face strangely drawn—his mouth a strange, unboyish line, crept away and swung onto a car. It did not take long for him to reach Chinatown. Grim shadows flickered and danced about him—everything reeked of squalor and mystery. Straight to the door of Hop Wah he went and knocked thrice. Cautiously the grate opened, and the old pipe-mender's yellow face peered out. "It is I, Honorable, I, the rat," whispered Manuel. "It is as I feared with that devil's spawn, Ah Fat, and the teacher." There was a fumbling, a sing song from within, and Hop Wah came out to the boy. With cat-like tread they stole down the alley and halted at a half-hidden door. Hop Wah's skillful fingers made quick work of the intricate fastenings. Manuel held on to the old man's sleeve as they entered the darkness revealed. Down a long flight of cobwebby stairs, into a tunnel that reeked with the scent of humans and incense and the heaviness of damp. Manuel scarce breathed when they at length emerged into a gloomy cellar. Ah Fat crouched by a low couch, his evil eyes fixed on the white face of Beth Gilmore. Hop Wah spoke—one magic word, which brought Ah Fat to his feet, livid with fear.

There was an interchange of questions and answers, while Beth looked on with deadly fright in her eyes. With a shriek of rage Ah Fat turned on Manuel. "Twas thou, thou son of a pig," he hissed, and his knife rose and fell. Manuel smiled strangely and grasped one shoulder tightly. Ah Fat would have struck again, but Hop Wah's knife disappeared into Ah Fat's back and came out crimson. Ah Fat staggered, rattled in his throat and fell. With a terse command to Manuel, Hop Wah assisted Beth to her feet, and the three stole out again, noiselessly as the rats that scurried about.

Hop Wah disappeared into his doorway. At the corner stood Doctor Knight and two policemen. The doctor's face was drawn with heartsickness. He could only hold out his arms to the girl. Her eyes were heavy and stupid, but she cried softly as the doctor caught her in his arms.

She sobbed out her story brokenly—of a drink which Ah Fat had given her, of her growing drowsiness as they started home, and then of waking to find Ah Fat bending over her with treacherous, passionate eyes. Then Manuel had come. It was a garbled, disconnected story, but it sent the blood from the listener's cheeks, and caused the doctor to

hold the girl closer. At its finish Manuel smiled again—that grave, gentle smile. Then he staggered and fell, and they saw that his shoulder was crimson with blood.

The doctor shook his head at Beth's broken cry, "Will he die?"

"No, dear, a knife wound in the shoulder, I think." Tenderly he bandaged it. Then carefully, so that Beth might not see, he unclasped the unconscious boy's fingers and took from them a shining gold piece—the gold piece. With a strange look on his face he put the gold piece and a bill into the boy's pocket.

Manuel stumbled to his feet. "I gotta go back," he said doggedly. The men protested. Manuel shook his head. "I gotta go back. I promised. For God's sake, doc, don't let the cops come. Ah Fat got his. I promised to go back, didn't I, Miss Beth?"

"Yes, Manuel. But you'll come soon to see me?"

Manuel smiled inscrutably. Beth bent suddenly and kissed him.

With a grave straightening of his shoulders, Manuel wheeled and with a steady step made his way down the long whispering alley to where Hop Wah, the pipe mender, with a strangely troubled face, smoked in front of a narrow, crimson doorway.

The Great Southwest

SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF THE CLIMATE—By CHARLES A. WETMORE

The Freedom from So-called Malaria. The freedom of Southern California from so-called malaria is, in my opinion, the most important feature for discussion. On this subject I have had much experience both in this country and in South America and believe that I can furnish suggestions, which will interest the general public as well as the medical profession.

That chills and fever were caused directly by bad air (malaria), by infection from water, or by the active influence of any form of microbes specially localized as to air or water. I have long ago learned to be a popular delusion. I am in doubt as to how much of the proofs I can crowd into this article—the subject requires the discussion of many side issues. I will, however, condense as much as I can into general propositions, each of which may be the subject of a future article.

Dr. Remondino frequently refers to the warmth of Southern California soils and the slight changes that occur in temperature at sundown, especially on the mesa soils along the San Diego coast. Here is one illustration from his publications:

"During carefully made observations for a full month, made one hour before sunset, at sunset, and at the following hour, by Dr. Hearne, of the United States Signal Service, at San Diego, the following respective means for the different observations were obtained; 62.6, 60.1 and 60.8 degrees.

There are numerous instances of medical observation of local exemption from malarial fevers, where, according to popular notions, they ought to occur. Here is one from Dr. Remondino's book:

"Yuma is situated on the banks of the Colorado River and on the edge of the desert and, although the hottest place in summer that there is in the United States, it is free from any of the diseases or accidents resulting from heat. My friend, Dr. R. J. Gregg, in speaking of this subject, says that the proposition that malaria is a product of great heat and soil moisture combined does not hold good as to Southern California, as he has seen personally

on the low lands near the mouth of the Colorado a heat that made the low, marshy lands fume, where the natives merely make a hole in the moist ground with their toe, insert a grain of corn or other seed, and, presto! the plant appears in a marvelously short space of time, and where the combined heat and moisture causes the flax to attain such a size that he has seen horses tethered to one of the stalks; and yet, with all this combination of great heat and swamp moisture, rapid growth of vegetation and necessary consequent decay, he tells the writer that he knows of no region so remarkably free from intermittent, continued or paludal fevers. The same observations have been practically made to the writer by his classmate, Dr. L. J. Loring and Dr. Seming and Dr. Reed, all of the U. S. Army, and all of whom have served at the army post at Yuma."

As to the flax story, I think there may be some confounding of words; but I know that vast acres below Yuma have been covered with a kind of wild hemp eighteen feet high, the growth of six weeks, following the June floods.

Here is an extract from *The Earth*, by Elisée Reclus. "The air above the peat-mosses of Iceland and other countries in the world is not often unhealthy, either because

I know this to be true of certain parts of the reclaimed tule lands in San Joaquin County of this state. I know also that, although the city of Stockton is situated upon land only ten feet above high tide and is intersected by sloughs; although it receives in summer an atmosphere coming directly off the delta of the San Joaquin river, where there are hundreds of thousands of acres of tule swamps, both reclaimed and unreclaimed; although the summers are very warm, though not as torrid as the regions to the south and the north, yet the healthfulness of the place is remarkable and so-called malaria is practically unknown. We must not confound malarial fevers with typhoid and other infections which at times find victims in all

climates and localities.

A Key to the Problem of Malaria. I had become convinced that there were irreconcilable contradictions in the popular notions as to the causes of and remedies for chills and fever, but did not happen to meet with any clue to help in unraveling the apparent mystery until I saw a published notice of a theory advanced by a U. S. Consul at Panama some time during the '70s. The consul reported that the theory was being advanced that chills and fever were caused by local conditions, whereby sudden fall of temperature following hot summer days was experienced immediately at sunset.

Following this crudely stated theory as a key to the problem of local prevalence of chills and fever, I have found by hundreds of

"WHITE HORSE" SCOTCH

NEVER IN BULK



MACKIE & CO.
Islay, Scotland

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.
Agents P. C. San Francisco

California Furniture Co.

BROADWAY NEAR SEVENTH 639 TO 645

This Company is not connected with any other concern in the city.

FURNITURE - For Porch Comfort

The "California" is showing some very artistic practical pieces in comfortable, serviceable porch furniture.

Rustic hickory chairs, rockers and settees are shown in many restful designs—prices range as low as \$2.50 for a comfortable rocker. The chair to match is priced at \$2.00.

Massive heavy chairs and rockers are also shown in white maple, natural finish. The backs and seats are made of fine double-woven cane. They are deep, roomy and very serviceable for outdoor use.

This store closes Saturdays at 12:30, noon, until September 15th

California Furniture Co., Broadway 639 to 645

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA LOS ANGELES



A triumph in fireproof construction. Spanish Renaissance in Steel Tile and Marble. Combined with the facilities and conveniences of the Electric Age.

Mission Indian Grill

Unique Enchanting

Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's noonday lunch. After theater parties. A la Carte.

observations and inquiries in many different places that local conditions which, after hot summer days cause a human being to experience a sudden sensation of chilliness, or what might be described as a nervous shiver, during the early evening hours, are those which I have invariably found in what are known as malarious places; and, conversely, that where the evenings are enjoyed without such sensations there is freedom from so-called malaria. I have desired to have the opportunity to put together all the observations which I can remember with the results of side line studies and to discuss the same with some philosophical physician of large experience who is a student of general physics, geology, meteorology and chemistry. I believe that the simple proposition stated above can be developed by amplification into a sound theory, explaining the cause of chills and fever and determining how to avoid the disease, even where it is prevalent, without recourse to any microbe medicine. I do not deny that there may be a microbe involved in the question, but I am quite sure that whatever development there may be in that line, it is a sequence to a diseased condition rather than a primary cause.

Looking over some bound volumes of early numbers of *Popular Science Monthly*, I have recently found the following on page 60, of volume two:

"Writing on the subject of malaria, Dr. Rey urges upon the inhabitants of malarious districts the adoption of every safeguard against becoming chilled. He considers the chill, often felt in warm climates at sunset, as very pernicious and argues with all authority in pronouncing cold with damp to be exceedingly dangerous. Residents in lowland or damp situations should, therefore, take special precautions to keep the circulation in such a condition that the extremities are not cold and the surface generally is comfortably warm. By maintaining this condition of body, other diseases besides the so-called malarial would also be warded off"

The first part of the above quotation undoubtedly refers directly to the key to chills and fever, which I have been looking for; the last part is general good advice and points likewise to the main general proposition that most of our diseases, even those which are infectious, have their origin, not in the microbe, but in the previous diseased or disordered condition of the person affected. When I was a boy I used to hear the old ladies, who were our professors of hygiene, expatiating on the statement that one couldn't catch a disease unless he was predisposed to it. They stated a scientific truth in a much simpler manner than the average doctor can do it today.

Where the Loose Screw is in the Medical Puzzle. I will try now to bring this discussion down to a local application and explanation, sufficient to account, not only for the immunity of our southern coast and the Colorado river bottom lands from malarious fevers, but also to indicate the precautions that should be taken to prevent people from spoiling the conditions which nature has so benignantly provided. In the first place it is the nature of the soil itself that must be considered.

A soil that is a non-conductor of heat, which retains its apparent or real warmth after the sun sets, especially if under a moist atmosphere, is one upon which you may walk or even lie down after nightfall without experiencing such a chill as is felt under such circumstances in a malarious district. It is not a question of moisture in all cases, although in certain climates and under certain atmospheric conditions, the presence of moisture is an important factor.

I will illustrate this by citing my personal observations on the Colorado river, where Dr. Gregg found such a puzzling problem. I traveled by water in an open row boat during the month of July in 1873 or 1874 (I forget the exact time), from Fort Mojave, which is above the Needles, down to Yuma. It was just after the June flood and the heat was intense. We were eight days making the trip and camped each night on the lowlands scarcely a foot above the level of the river water. We were even right on the edge of the dense river bottom vegetation. Our observations of temperature were made with an ordinary self-registering Fahrenheit thermometer. I do not now remember accurately the average maximum, but it was somewhere about 115 degrees. The remarkable fact was that during the nights the temperature never fell below 95 degrees. We experienced no chilly sensations at, or after, sundown, notwithstanding we encountered a rain storm one evening which drenched us to the skin and put so much water in our boat that it took some time to bail it out. We dried our clothes on our backs after nightfall and felt no uncomfortable sensations and the process was very rapid. When we reached Yuma one of our party was suffering from exhaustion and general debility from so much exposure to intense heat, but after a few days rest under shelter he recovered animation and good spirits. The rest of the party enjoyed a jolly time at Yuma and camped at night on a roof top.

The silt, which is deposited by the floods of the Colorado river, is different from any that I have seen elsewhere. It is not like any other alluvium that I have seen. It is not plastic like ordinary clay, yet it coheres by reason of its flour like fineness so that the low banks stand upright and fall off in chunks leaving perpendicular faces. I have not seen analyses of this soil but know from experience that animal heat is not abstracted from the body after nightfall. It is to this property of the soil that I attribute the immunity from malarial fevers. During the spring, fall and winter the range of the temperature during twenty-four hours is often excessive and the Indians living on the lowlands frequently suffer from rheumatism and phthisis, but there is no complaint as to malarial fever. The varying temperatures of those seasons no doubt have their causes in currents of air moving over the deserts and not in the immediate soils of the bottom lands.

The Imperial Valley is a body of alluvium deposited in past times by the Colorado river. Its depth is extraordinary. Being situated below sea level and flanked by hills and mountains it might be reasonably predicted that the farmers would experience heavy frosts in winter and spring, but such is not the case. Oranges, grapes and tomatoes are successfully cultivated. The freedom from frost is due to the chemical composition of the soil, which is also the cause of the freedom from malarial fever on the bottoms of the present river. The surface soil is a non-conductor of heat. I am inclined to think that the question of electricity should also be considered, but I

YOUR VAGATION

"YES"—You will require Outing Shirts, Summer Underwear and Toggery for comfort—see . . .

TOM POSTE

Alexandria Haberdashery

ABOUT IT

509 South Spring Street

have not been able to pursue that line of observations sufficiently. I have, in the past, done a great deal of camping out and, before I was twenty-one, had learned that I could in a ten acre field find warm spots and cold spots to lie down upon. It did not take long to find out that if I camped upon sand, even when the nights were warm, I needed all my blankets *underneath* me to keep from being chilled; but on the gravelly clay land, not fifty feet away, I needed all my blankets *underneath* me to keep my body from uncomfortable sensations of heat. I had found that it was safe to lie down upon the soils composed of reddish decomposed granite, but unsafe to camp upon the grayish granite sand valleys, or banks. I had carried a level with a surveying party, determining the elevations and topography of the west side of the Sacramento Valley from tidewater to the head of navigation, during the hot months of June and July. The country then (1865) was mostly a vast sheep ranch without fences. We suffered only discomfort from the heat, lying at night on top of our blankets until we were compelled to make a prolonged camp in the river bottom near Red Bluffs. We found it necessary to put all our blankets underneath to keep off the chill, not of the air, but of the soil at night. Some were careless and, after a hard time with old Sol during the day, would cool off on the ground in the evening. The consequence was two bad cases of chills and fever, so we broke camp and went to Lassen Buttes to recuperate. Was it the sandy alluvium, or the moisture, or both that made the trouble? Was it the attraction of animal heat, or the polarization of animal electricity, or loss of animal magnetism, under the influence of suddenly changed thermal conditions and moisture as a conductor? The premonitory chills, however, were there and marked the locality as "malarious." The farmers had learned to build their houses several feet above the ground with free circulation of air underneath. They said that if they staid indoors after sunset they didn't "catch the fever," yet they drank the same water and breathed the same air that their neighbors, who caught the fever, did. The state prison, at Folsom, is located in a district which used to be famous for chills and fever. When my friend, General John McComb, was warden, I made him a visit. After dinner we adjourned, as was the custom of the officers, to smoke and cool off in the evening air, with a sprinkler to help. Here was a good chance to ride my hobby. I asked the general why it was that the state had consented to establish prison grounds in a place reputed to be malarious. He told me that there was something strange about it; that there hadn't been a case of chills and fever among the prisoners, although they drank water anywhere out of the river and out of ditches, while there had been a good many cases among the officers and employees who were especially guarded by providing water from bored wells and in every way proposed by physicians. I asked at what time they gathered up the prisoners for the night. "Before sunset," he said, "but their cells are all open to the night air." "Are they not walled in and paved with stone or cement?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. "Then they don't have a chance to cool off and enjoy themselves on the lawn as we are doing now?" I suggested. "No, of course not; their cells are warm, but they get the night air through the bars." So the general gave me the best possible illustration to prove the theory I was following up.

I could give many similar instances but will cut the subject short by referring to our

national capital—Washington. Before the streets were paved, malarial fever was common. In 1893 a physician was explaining to me the change since the paving. "There was," he said, "some fever on the bottoms along the Potomac, but it was a curious fact that it then jumped over the city and attacked the homes on the rolling ground in the suburbs." "They all get the same city water, don't they?" I asked. "Yes, and out in the fine places in the suburbs where they have plenty of air and fine buildings, they use lots of water sprinkling their lawns," was the reply. "And they spend the summer evenings sitting on the lawns while you have to sweat it out on the brick sidewalks or drive on the asphalted streets," I suggested. Well, that's all there was to it and enough to explain the puzzle.

The exemption of peat lands from malaria explains itself on this theory. The peat is a non-conductor and feels warm to the touch at night. I have noticed this in the San Joaquin valley. Land is the worst bed to lie upon after a hot day. The coast climate of Peru is controlled by sand. When the railroad was being constructed from Lima across the Andes, thousands of men were struck down by a malignant type of chills and fever while working on the arid lands up to five thousand feet altitude. When I started out with a party to cross the Cordilleras to commence work on the eastern end, where our principal camp was at an altitude of 14,000 feet, I was cautioned never to spread my blankets upon the ground but always to use the little folding iron cots, which we carried on our saddles. I was told I could not escape the fever if I camped out as I had been accustomed to do in California. Yet this was barren soil where it never rains and there was no question of moisture. On the eastern base of the easterly range, amid the tropical forests on a branch of the Amazon, where the temperature was continuously about 80 degrees with warm, delightful nights, I found everyone enjoying good health and no talk of fevers. Water was there oozing from every mountain side and the tropical vegetation was grand beyond description. The altitude was 2,500 feet and no chills after sunset.

The Soil is Our Protector from Fever and Frost. Everyone has probably observed that on a frosty morning or when there is dew, some spots and some materials appear to draw more than others. There is a very pretty story to be told about the discovery of the laws governing the deposits of frost and the means of protecting plants by simply interposing a shield of some sort between the plant and the sky to prevent the loss of heat from radiation. I must reserve this for some future article. It is not a matter for the agriculturist only; it involves the whole question of preserving to the settler in Southern California the advantages which were enjoyed by the early settlers. Just remember that if a thermometer be placed upon the bare dry soil, or on a plank, or a sheet of metal, or on a lawn, all other conditions being equal, the temperature recorded will be different in each case and that shown on the lawn will be generally ten degrees lower than that on the dry ground. I am an enemy of all lawns near to a residence in our climate; dry, clayey soil, such as decomposed granite or gravel should surround the dwelling; thick adobe walls, or concrete, will preserve the healthful, equable coolness in summer and warmth in winter; certain vegetation is chilling, while the shade of a tall pine is always grateful. The green should be overhead, not under foot. The eucalyptus wards off the malaria because its

shade prevents radiation and its leaves are warm and dry. But this subject opens up so much that is important to every class of our citizens that I must leave it now to do its suggestive work in the minds of others.

OUR AMERICAN HUMORISTS

(Continued from Page 2)

Pavilion in order to accommodate the throng. At twelve o'clock all sat down to a dazzling banquet, when speeches were made and toasts drunk with exceeding *ecstasie*. Fighting began immediately afterward and was continued without interruption until daylight. The expenses of this memorable reunion were generously defrayed by our distinguished townsman, Mervin M. Squott.

We neglected to mention last week, among the presents displayed at the wedding of Mr. Sangpur Peddiger and Miss Simperella Landrich, an elegant set of salt spoons given by Mr. and Mrs. Ragadej. The error was entirely inadvertent, and we may mention to the credit of the fair bride and eminent groom that they have themselves been as active in its correction as the persons most directly injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Giles give a nelegant and Recherchy party las tuesday night At there palatious resince of Minna stret whic was etended by all the leet of San francisco danen was indolge in and there was a magificen clation spred mrs Giles was ravition beautifoul in a dres of grenny dean and her two daughters Mis mary Jane Giles and mis Harriet ann giles was lovly put it in jest as Rote enclose fined fifty Cents Samuel giles.

It is announced by Mme. Smith-Jones, of Paris, the well known modiste, that while the skirt will probably disappear during the coming season the corsage will undoubtedly hold its own—which, we may venture to add, it has lately appeared unable to do.

The Bangups and the Stunners have apparently been overhauling one another's family records, for they don't visit any more. It is reported among society young men, however, that the estrangement is connected with the disagreement between young Bangup and young Stunner about a dog—not related to either family, so far as known.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY COMPANY

Reaches all points of interest, including the Beautiful City Parks.

Westlake Park—Take 7th st. Line or 2nd st. Line.

Eastlake Park—Take West 11th and East Main street Line, or Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park—Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring St.

Hollenbeck Park—Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park—Take San Pedro st. line.

Chutes Park—Take Main st. Line or Grand Avenue Line.

Band Concerts—Eastlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

SEEING LOS ANGELES OBSERVATION CARS

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse, comprehensive historical data by guides, who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing view of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago, when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents No Half Fares

Cars start from Hotel Angelus, Fourth and Spring Streets, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., daily, Sundays included.

Phone Main 900.

REAL COOL SHOES that wear real well

That's Cummings Shoe Menu for the summer season. We serve you with all of the wanted styles. White duck and canvas low shoes are "it" just now, and Cummings quality is the only sort to buy—Women's \$2 and up. Men's and Children's also at right prices.

**Robert Sharp & Son**

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Home F } 1029
Main } 820 SOUTH MAIN ST

Home 3808 Broadway 4541

J. W. SCOTT & CO.
Commission Brokers

New York Stocks, Grain, Cotton
200 Germain Building

Porch Furniture

We are now equipped to meet any demand you can make upon us in porch furniture. Big stocks of Crex, Old Hickory and Weathered Ash novelties.

Prices right.

PACIFIC PURCHASING CO., Successor to
Los Angeles Furniture Co.
631-35 South Spring Street

LEVY'S CAFE

N. W. CORNER THIRD and MAIN

The Most Elegant, Most Spacious and
Best Conducted Cafe and Restaurant
on the Pacific Coast :: :: ::

Take Point Oysters, Terrapin, Shad Roe
and all kind's of Game in their Season

Prof. Ferdinand Stark; and his fine orchestra every
evening from 6 to 8 and from 9:45 to 12:15.
Cars run to all parts of the city and Pasadena.

Be Sure to Visit**Hotel Del Monte****By the Sea, near historic Monterey**

On your way to San Francisco, by way of Southern Pacific Coast line. Why not make Del Monte your winter home? Special one and two day round-trip tickets to San Francisco for guests of the hotel. There is no place like it anywhere. Eighteen-hole golf course attracts golfing enthusiasts from everywhere. Only one hundred and twenty-five miles South of San Francisco. For more details apply to Los Angeles Agency, 222 South Spring St.

CHESTER W. KELLEY, Representative
Telephones—Sunset Main 1799, Home A 1003

By the Way**The Outlook.**

As the summer months go, the present condition of business is on the whole satisfactory. Not only is the volume of business good, but there is a better feeling among merchants and bankers than has prevailed for the last two months, and the real estate business, which has been dormant for three months is looking better. From the best evidences at hand, it is certain that Los Angeles will have a good fall and winter business.

All things considered the coming winter ought to be better than the last. There should be more eastern visitors than there were. That a good many people refrained from coming to California last winter on account of the fear of earthquakes, cannot be denied. It is well that the campaign of education which has been waged for the last eighteen months in the east to convince the average eastern man and woman that we are five hundred miles from San Francisco, should continue.

Money is getting easier although it is rather tightly held. All needful commercial money is to be had without undue stress. There is no speculative money to be obtained from the banks. The savings bankers say that they are letting out more freely than has been the case, but much of the loaning that is being done is "private money." The average savings banker, these days, has a knife in his boot for the real estate and brokerage community. Of late there have been many cases where the vigilant real estate men have run down the accounts of the savings bankers and have offered fine loans at 7 per cent. Inasmuch as the banks pay three and four per cent, the difference to the lender is considerable. This practice which appears to be on the increase as long as the savings bankers remain as conservative as they now are, has not improved the temper of the bank officials who have been meeting these incursions.

A bunch of five per cent money (private money) from the east appeared on the scene this week. The amount was \$750,000 or thereabouts and among those in the know there was considerable of a scramble to get aboard at that rate. Only inside business property was wanted as security, but the allurements of cheap money like that proved tempting. It is needless to add that the holders of the funds will have no trouble in placing them to good advantage at that rate.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First class accommodation and service for first class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Who Owns Fourth Street?

I have asked this question before. There has been no reply. The ordinary man might think that the streets of Los Angeles are public property but if he has reference to Fourth street in particular, he is mistaken. Fourth street between Broadway and Hill is the private switching yard of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad. What the railroad company does not use for this purpose, is devoted to the storage of delivery wagons by the Broadway Department Store. I have great personal regard for Messrs. Clark and Sherman, of the Los Angeles-Pacific and for Mr. Letts of the Broadway Store, but I think that they should

be compelled to transact their private business on private property. Were Mr. Huntington to switch his cars on Sixth and Main streets, there would be a great hullabaloo—and very properly. Now the Los Angeles-Pacific owns a fine lot of Hill street near Fourth, which is destined some day to be the terminal of the Santa Monica line, when the subway is started. Considering the amount of business that the road now transacts and the number of cars that arrive and depart from Fourth street each day, it is in order to ask the Los Angeles-Pacific to begin building that depot or to make other arrangements for a terminal. As for Mr. Letts, he should be compelled to make a driveway into the rear of his establishment and do his shipping on private property. It might cut down his available floor space to compel him to do this—but Mr. Letts should pay for his shipping space. His wagons are an obstruction and infringe on the rights of the real owners of the streets—the people.

Cosby.

What caused this paragraph, of course, was the arrest of Walter Cosby, who, seated in an automobile Monday afternoon, refused to give right of way to a car that was being switched. I know that Walter Cosby has enough money and grit to fight this thing to a finish, and I hope he will do so. I fail to see how the Los Angeles-Pacific has acquired proprietary rights in Fourth street. I happened to be held up by the delay that Cosby caused in his automobile but when any citizen has the sand to stand for his rights as Cosby did, I and all others can well spare the time and bid him good luck.

Third Rail.

I should like to know from the city authorities on what theory they permit the third rails of the Los Angeles-Pacific to remain on Sixteenth street between Burlington and Georgia. The Los Angeles-Pacific has no franchise for that stretch of road, neither has it any franchise for the stretch of road on Hill street between Fourth and Eighth. The franchise for those two stretches of road is owned by the Interurban, formerly the Traction. The Interurban operates a narrow gauge system. Now by what conceivable flight of reasoning can a third rail be laid on those stretches of road except that the corporation wants the privilege of running broad gauge cars and proposes to do so no matter what the city authorities think in the premises? I am not opposing the change of the gauge of the Los Angeles-Pacific from narrow to broad, but the point I make is that if the company wants privileges like that, it ought to pay for them. You and I and the other fellow would be ruled off pretty quick if we tried to lay a street car rail where we had no franchise. In what particular is the Los Angeles-Pacific any better than us?

F. B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Densham Joshes.

Jack Densham writes:

"A little fun with the street cars while I have been away, eh? Jeems Morley gets himself arrested while trying to find out whether he had bet the right of way and then Walter Cosby plays the giddy *tu quoque*. I have a large interest in all the auto people and none whatever in the Huntington, or Harriman or Generalissimo Sherman companies, so my

sympathies are naturally with the former. Nevertheless (as the music hall announcer says) I think a little joshing is in order on this subject so I shall relieve my feelings with a few jingles as follows:

THE TRUST THRUSTERS.

or

The Astounding Audacity of the Automobile Agents.

A four act tragedy in fifty scenes by Cariburetter Costello.

Dramatis Personæ

Rex Rerum Omnium....H. E. Huntington
Bruno le Buffon.....General Sherman
Titus the Terrible.....James Morley
Melchior von Munchausen....Walter Cosby
Gesticulating Jeremiah.....First Motorman
Fearless Philip.....Second Motorman
Runaway Randolph.....L. A. P. Conductor
Bad Man Bill.....William Ruess
Do It Or Die Daniel.....Old Man Dodge
Enthusiastic Edward.....E. E. Caister
Subdued Solomon.....Charles Fuller Gates

Chorus of auto dealers, railroad magnates, small boys and turbulent crowd.

ACT I—Broadway, in front of the Britt Nelson returns. Center is discovered a Royal Tourist in which stands Titus the Terrible cheering wildly as the news of Britt's prowess is thrown on the sheet. Chorus of crowd, surging around auto.

Chorus:—

Hurray, hurrah for Nelson!
Hurrah for Jimmie Britt!
We have not bet, so which man wins,
We do not care a bit.
Look out, here comes a street car
So clear the track we pray,
You may get hurt if you should stop
In that street car's way.

Street car rolls slowly onto stage and stops center close to auto. Gesticulating Jeremiah is at the controller.

Gesticulating Jeremiah:—

Hey, hey, get out of my way,
You cannot stop the cars;
So back right out you chauffeur lout
Or I'll make you see some stars.

Titus the Terrible:—

What's the matter? Don't you see
I can't move my machine?
So back away from the worst of the crowd
And let me go in between.

Gesticulating Jeremiah:—

What! back my car to make room for you?
No, SIR; I'm here to stay.
And I'll have you arrested in half a jiff
If you don't get out of my way.

Enter Rex Rerum Omnium attired in a worried look and a scarlet smoking jacket lined with bank notes. He reclines on a litter carried by thirty seven obsequious claim agents. He raises his hand to command silence. Half of the crowd fall on their knees and remove their shoes for holy ground, while the other half cross their thumbs and knock wood to ward off ill luck.

First half of the chorus:—

Trouble, Trouble, let me be
Rerum Omnium Rex, oh see,
We abase ourselves for thee.

Second half:—

Trouble, Trouble, oh, skidoo;
Rerum Rex, just prunes for you.

Rerum Rex Omnium:—

Silence varlets, silence all,
Come stern justice at my call.

(Snaps his fingers—enter policeman.)

Minion of the law—
This base villain here has sought
To delay my Juggernaut
Take him to the justice court.

Policeman seizes Titus the Terrible and exits dragging the unwilling victim with him. Three assistant superintendents enter bearing censors whence arises a dense cloud from the burning incense. All bow low except second half of crowd who jeer. Curtain.
(The other three acts next week.)

The *Hotel Majestic*, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Use It For Schools.

To install the 619 lights that the lighting company has been instructed to place in position will involve an expense of about \$46,000 a year to the city. Because these lights were not placed in position a fearful rumpus has been kicked up at the city hall. If the city is hungering and thirsting to spend this amount of money for lights in every suburban cabbage patch, why are the funds of the municipality in such shape that the city has to depend on bankers to pay the city employes? And this city needs schools more than lights in every real estate man's new subdivision. Fifty thousand dollars, now ordered to be expended in lighting out of the way suburbs, would build a new school house each year. Some of the city's financiers, to all appearances, should be in the foolish house.

An eastern gentleman—college graduate—is prepared to give lessons in bridge whist to ladies or gentlemen at their residences, day or evening. Terms reasonable. Address, A. B. C., care *Graphic*.

Garland's Stand.

Undoubtedly William M. Garland has been unmercifully joshed for suing the "Southern California Press Club" to recover the \$100 which he paid to the "organizers," W. H. Welch and W. B. Gelatt for associate membership. Yet I want to commend "Billy" Garland for having the sand and nerve to do what he did, no matter what joshers may do. The list of known "associate members" at \$100 a throw is growing. Among the number are J. Ross Clark, Henry E. Huntington, H. Jevne, Joseph Mesmer, Robert Marsh, C. A. Canfield and W. G. Kerkhoff. I hope every man of them will go after the Welch-Gelatt partnership which seems to have been augmented by an advising attorney named Hiatt. I trust they will get their \$100 back that the so-called club rooms at 336 1-2 South Broadway will be closed, that the bills will be paid and the incident wound up. I do not want to belong to any proprietary press club, financed by Messrs. Garland, Huntington, Clark, Jevne, Mesmer, Marsh, Canfield and Kerkhoff, nor do I know of any self-respecting newspaper man who does. Most of us are not afflicted with wealth—but none of us want to hold up any of these estimable gentlemen for club accommodations. Put the schemers through, Mr. Garland, and make them disgorge.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Gothenburgers.

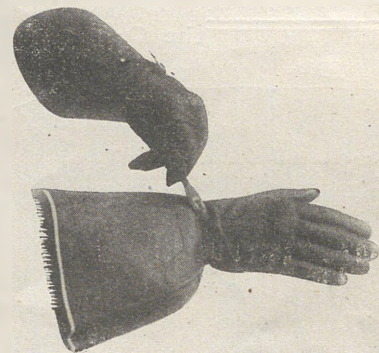
From several sources of information I am inclined to believe that the *Times* is "seeing things" when it states that the Gothenburg plan of managing the liquor trade is likely to figure in the charter revision movement that is coming into life very slowly. Not much has been heard of the Gothenburg plan since Mr. William Mead returned from

HEINZEMAN'S 108 W. Third, & 9th & Spring

HERE YOU WILL FIND
GRADUATE PHARMACISTS
INTELLIGENT SALESMEN
PURE DRUGS AND
TOILET ARTICLES
FROM THE WORLD'S LEADING
MANUFACTURERS

We Please Particular People

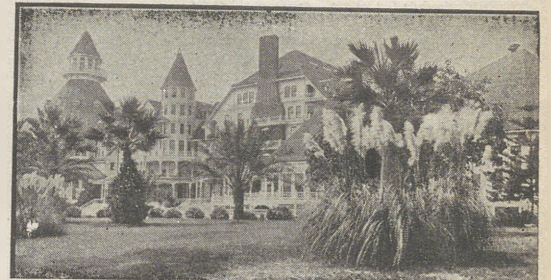
AUTO GOODS



Long Coats
Caps
Leggins
Gauntlets
Laced
Boots
Goggles

The Wm. H. Hoegee Co., Inc.

138-140-142 South Main Street
Los Angeles
Both Phones Exchange 87



Hotel Del Coronado

Coronado Beach, California

Summer Rates now in Force

Coronado Agency 334 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles

Morgan Ross, Manager

Khaki Clothing

FOR

Men and Women

Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.

132-134 S. Spring St.

Los Angeles

California

You'd Best Hurry

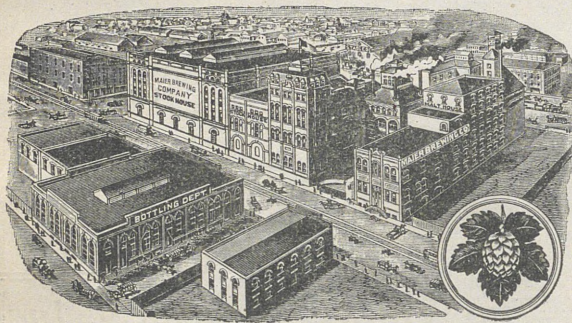
For Our Summer Suits are the Talk of the Town. Only a few of the extra swell designs left.

BARRE & VAN PELT

MERCHANT TAILORS

221 W. THIRD ST.
Del Monte Building

"Select Brew" The Beer of the Connoisseur



Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso St. Both Phones Exchange 91

MYRICK & COMPANY

Eastern Races by Wire.
All Tracks where Racing is in Progress.
Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central Ave. car line Home Phone 572. Main 57
Take Vernon Car. Second and Spring Streets

Order Through Your Dealer

"San Diego"

THE QUALITY BEER

CULTIVATE THE "SAN DIEGO" HABIT

DEL MONTE BAR AND GRILL 219-223 W
Third Street

For Men Exclusively

The only Place of the Kind West of Chicago
A high class Gentlemen's Resort.

Cuisine, Appointments and Service Unexcelled.

Fox & Kellerman,

A 9267 Main 282

Europe about two years ago, full of enthusiasm for his scheme to put the liquor trade in the control of a "benevolent corporation." The details of the Los Angeles Gothenburg Company were pretty thoroughly worked out; the insiders were to have six per cent on their invested money; the city was to have as much money from the company as the liquor men now pay in the form of licenses; and the surplus was to be devoted, under the management of the corporation, to road and boulevard building or any other public purpose that the directors of the Gothenburg Company thought wise.

Lulled to Sleep.

The Gothenburgers, by petition, secured enough signatures to make it imperative for the city to call an election to vote on their plan, had the petition been presented. Then the proposition went to sleep, probably because a canvass showed that the voters would not ratify the plan. Most business men are convinced that the liquor problem is handled in Los Angeles better than in any American city of like or greater size. Strictly speaking, there isn't a "dive" in Los Angeles. The saloons are limited to the business district; they pay a high license; by placing a limit on the number of retail licenses, the city ordinance has given a value to these permits; a license, strictly speaking, is an asset of every license holder, and that being the case, a better class of men engage in the liquor business than elsewhere, and the license holders are particularly careful to obey the laws and the ordinances. It is strictly true that the authorities have less trouble with the liquor dealers of Los Angeles than with certain other classes of merchants, whose business existence does not depend on the lawmaking class. Let any man search the records of the police commission for the past year or two and learn how few hearings have been held in which violation of the law was alleged against any saloon keeper. Let the police records be searched, and it will be found that the druggists are ten times as culpable as the saloon men in violating, for instance, the Sunday law.

Value of a License.

Theoretically, I suppose it is true that the liquor license should have no value. But the city council, in limiting the number of licenses in a growing city, created conditions which will cause monopoly. Given a steady supply of any commodity, whether it be corn, or wheat, or cloth, and given an increasing demand, and the inevitable outcome will be a higher price of that commodity. The law is as immutable as the law of gravitation. Should this city grow to a place of 500,000 and should the number of retail liquor licenses remain at 200, the value of a liquor license will inevitably rise. There is no escaping it.

Defeat.

No matter what the good intentions of the Gothenburgers, their proposition will certainly be defeated at the polls, should it ever go to the people. Men in this day and age are opposed to further monopolization of anything. Were the Gothenburg Company in existence and doing business it would be one of the finest political machines that fancy can conjure up. There are other objections which would further influence the voters to vote against the proposition. As I said, I will have to see further signs of activity among the known Gothenburgers, like William Mead, before I will take much stock in the *Times's* story.

Ruler of the Alexandria.

S. J. Whitmore, Jr., is now the undisputed ruler of the Hotel Alexandria. He arrived Tuesday night and was assigned to splendid quarters on the second floor. He will move from Santa Monica, where he first saw light, in the course of the next few weeks. Up to this week, S. J. Whitmore, Sr., recognized no superior on the premises but he is now under orders from his son, weighing seven pounds. This new arrival was duly registered on the hotel books with all the ceremony due his rank.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in Tone.

Ascot.

Much uncertainty exists as to the course that the Los Angeles Jockey Club will pursue this winter with regard to giving a racing meeting. The equipment at Ascot Park represents an investment of at least \$250,000 and if it is to be moved, steps to that end must be taken at once. If a meeting is to be held at the present track it is high time to interest the horsemen now in the east. Certain it is that the horse owners will not bring their strings to Los Angeles without the return journey being provided for and the Jockey Club will scarcely provide for an expenditure of \$20,000 or \$30,000 for this purpose if any doubt exists. The race track is no place for clerks or for men in banks, offices and confidential positions. There are thousands here who have no business at the track. On the other hand a meeting brings many people who make things worth while at the best hotels and restaurants; it attracts a far less number of undesirables, but for that matter so does the climate. Altogether it is still too soon to say definitely whether the *Express* and its allies have won.

Becker's Work.

Arnold Becker, the editor of the *American Mining Review* has left for a tour of the Southwest mining regions which, beginning at Goldfield, is to extend throughout Nevada, Arizona, Southern California and the northern and western states of Mexico. The object of this tour is to secure exact detailed information in the field as to the mineral resources of this great territory, the physical and industrial conditions, and to such extent as it is possible the geology of each section visited. No such comprehensive work has yet been undertaken by a mining paper in this country and it is believed that results will be gratifying to the mining world. The work is expected to occupy many months and will continue through many years. Every district of importance will be visited and the facts, for and against it, will be given impartially and from the mining man's point of view. It is believed that this work will be unique and of great value to mining men the world over—for the territory to be covered is without question destined to be the source of such metal production as the world has never known.

The great difficulty in determining the exact speed of a motor car at the time of an accident, has been the cause of much discussion as the fairness or unfairness of decisions made against motorists. It is perhaps instructive, as well as amusing to read a recently published statement as to the "speeds" of automobiles. There are four speeds:

1 The speed at which the policeman says the motor car was traveling.

2 The speed the chauffeur tells the police judge.

3 The speed the chauffeur told his friends in the café.

4 The real speed.

This seems complicated enough, but on reading the Hon. J. Scott Montague's "table of the different estimates of a motor car's speed per hour, which have been forthcoming in an inquiry at the police court," one becomes even more bewildered. The following are his interesting statistics:

Private opinion of mechanic in charge.	12 m.
His opinion when talking to his friends.	20 m.
His opinion when in court.	8 m.
Policeman's private opinion.	14 m.
Policeman's opinion in court.	28 m.
Farmer's opinion when his horse was frightened.	50 m.
Maker's guaranteed speed.	16 m.
Actual speed.	10 m.

Statistics are statistics, and no one can doubt the correctness with which the Hon. J. Scott Montague has arranged these. What are we going to do about it?

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

"Isn't It Awful?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio," I can conjure up a vision of Tom McCarey pulling his mustache and murmuring, "Isn't it awful?" The time would be Tuesday evening and before McCarey would be spread the *Record*. The *Record* objects to the distribution of free "fight tickets" to the city hall push. Just because Mayor Taylor's reform supervisors of San Francisco refused "free fight tickets" is the noble bunch of politicians at the city hall to be cut off? Isn't it time that the meddling of newspapers with the sacred prerogatives of the Push, be ended?

Counties And Saloons.

W. F. Holt, who has been interested in the development of the desert country for the last four or five years has sued the Imperial *Standard* for libel, in connection with articles published about the Imperial county division movement. The editor of the *Standard* is E. F. Howe, one of the most accurate and conscientious newspaper men ever in Los Angeles. Mr. Howe, like Mr. Holt, has been interested in the desert ever since the reclamation of that district became worth noticing. The row started over the relative claims of El Centro and Imperial for the county seat. Holt was for El Centro and Howe for Imperial. In the course of this campaign Howe has charged that money was to be used by El Centro, coming from the Maier Brewing Company, and in return the brewery was to have a saloon at El Centro. Howe is a fervid prohibitionist and roused the temperance element all over the Imperial Valley against El Centro. Holt's answer was a libel suit. Both men are fighters and a compromise is out of the question. In the meantime El Centro won the county seat.

Cole.

The resignation of Nathan Cole, Jr., from the police commission is a matter for genuine regret. It is not easy to induce a man of Mr. Cole's position in the community to accept a place on the police board, the usual rewards for acceptance being kicks and contumely. Mr. Cole frankly says that he cannot spare the time to the board, his interests, particularly the Pacific Sugar Company, precluding any chance of his remaining in office. It is well to say that an ideal city government would be one made up of men like Nathan Cole, Jr., but the great question is, "How are you going to get them?"

Geft Buys In.

The interest of the late Guy Marshall in the *Fruit World* and the *Western Empire* has been purchased by W. A. Geft, who for several years has been associated with the two publications named and who is now vice-president and general manager of the company. Mr. Geft has had a varied newspaper career. He was one of the founders of the Marysville *Democrat* and when the late Senator James G. Fair was campaigning in Nevada for his seat in the United States Senate, Geft conducted one of the few anti-Fair dailies in the state—his publication being located in Carson. The anti-Fair policy proved the end of his Nevada paper and he next appeared in San Diego, being connected with the *Union* when the town was in the hey day of the first boom. Then he went to San Francisco and finally to New York, in the latter place being manager of the *Fruit Trade Journal*. He has been associated with class publications for fifteen years and understands the game thoroughly.

The Dake advertising has opened offices in Los Angeles and hereafter will be in the local field as well as in San Francisco and Chicago. This agency was founded by the late E. C. Dake, who was the pioneer advertising man of San Francisco and it is now ably carried on by his sons. The local office is at 427 South Main street, J. R. Miller being the manager.

Mr. Elliott's Table.

As a specimen of the furniture builders' art nothing has exceeded in beauty the table which has just been presented to J. M. Elliott, the president of the First National Bank, by the Hughes Manufacturing and Lumber Co. The table, which is of mahogany, has a splendidly inlaid top. With the table came this note signed for the company by Lester L. Robinson, the secretary: "The Hughes Manufacturing and Lumber Co. begs leave to present you with the table delivered herewith, with its compliments; and trusts that you will accept same as a slight token of its appreciation of the personal friendship existing between yourself and its officers and members during a long period of years."

Del Monte Notes.

A correspondent of the *Graphic* writes that no summer in its history has seen so many gay people from Southern California as has Del Monte for the past three months, and especially from Los Angeles. The latter place never fails to send to send a bride or two each week. It is nip and tuck this season between golf and tennis; the latter game forging ahead in great shape. Indeed work has been commenced on the new lawn tennis courts at the Hotel Del Monte. They are being constructed on the terrace between the east wing of the hotel and the lake. This terrace was originally intended for a fountain and was laid out some fifteen or more years ago. It is an ideal location for tennis courts, the ground being open and free from shadows of trees or other objects. The foundation is packed absolutely solid and when the surface is bitumenized by a contractor who has had much experience in this work, there will be no better courts in the Pacific States. These courts will be used for the first time in the events of the Pacific Lawn Tennis Association, which begin at Del Monte on August 31 and will be concluded Admission Day. The finals in the men's and women's singles, which are the most important and interesting events of the tournament, will be played on September 9. For several years past the annual championship tourna-

DEALER IN

Antique Furniture

DESIGNER OF

Unique Furniture

CONSTRUCTOR OF

Handmade Furniture

I design furniture to order, and deal in genuine antiques, also polish, upholster and repair. It will pay you to consult me.

F. B. Reichenbach
747 South Spring St.
Home F 7441 - Sunset

TO GIVE YOU

A delicious Port we spare neither time nor expense in producing the Good Samaritan Port Wine. \$1.00 a bottle. Never sold in bulk.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.
447 So. Spring St. 518 So. Main Street

Ices

The warm weather brings the days for cooling and refreshing beverages. Our stores have the finest fountains, the best creams and the purest flavors.

Home trade in ice cream and ices is a specialty with us.

Christopher's

341 S. Broadway.

241 S. Spring.

WIELAND EXTRA PALE

CHICAGO LOHENGRIK LAGER BEER



The Great Western Product
Family Trade a Specialty

Phones—Main 468; Home Ex. 468

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents

Event of the Season

First Personally Conducted Excursion
to beautiful

DEL MONTE

Friday, August 9th—good for ten days.

\$16.50 ROUND TRIP

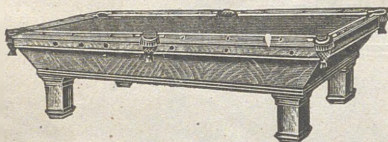
Enjoy the great salmon fishing, fine surf bathing and balmy breezes of California's Paradise. Tennis, bowling, finest golf links on Coast. See Old Monterey, Pacific Grove and Santa Cruz.

Train leaves Arcade Depot 8 a.m.,
arrive Del Monte time for dinner.

For particulars see C. W. Kelley, 222 South Spring, Telephone Main 1799, or S. P. Ticket Office, 600 South Spring.

BILLIARDS

Provides healthful entertainment and recreation—let us show you our specialties.



— Catalogues Free —

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
331-333 East Third St.

Specialty Business Property and
High Class Residence Property

MINES & FARISH
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
315 S. HILL STREET

FULLY EQUIPPED RENTAL DEPT.

GIVE US A CALL Phones **Home Ex. 1457**
Main 1487



Open the Entire Year

**BYRON
HOT
SPRINGS**

Cure Rheumatism.

Natural Hot Salt Water Springs and the only genuine
Peat Baths in America.

Hotel unsurpassed, delightful and restful environment
Rates reasonable. For information write manager
Byron Hot Springs, Cal., or any S. P. Agent.

Ferd K. Rule Frank K. Rule O. Rey Rule

RULE & SONS CO.
Incorporated

General Brokers and Financial Agents.

Real Estate, Insurance, Mines

Suite 223 Home Ex 601
Pacific Electric Bldg. Main 8535

ment of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association has been held at San Rafael, but the management of the hotel having changed, the time was considered opportune to bring the players to Del Monte, where they will enjoy much more equable and less oppressive temperature than at the Marin County resort, where the players were frequently quite prostrated from the heat.

Last Friday Mrs. Herbert Munn, of Coronado accompanied by Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, of Menlo Park, reached Hotel del Monte. Mrs. H. Munn is the 1907 Woman's Golf Champion of the Coronado Country Club and also won the woman's championship of the Southern California Golf Association in May of this year. Mrs. Munn is a member of the Coronado Country Club, San Francisco Golf and Country Club and three or four other golf clubs. Both ladies took part in the tenth competition of the Women's Continuous Handicap Tournament last Saturday morning. Mrs. Munn playing from scratch and Mrs. Nickel receiving 24 strokes, the largest handicap given. Mrs. Nickel came in with an excellent score of 104 and was returned an easy winner with a net score of 80. Mrs. Nickel's score was quite a surprise as in the tournament of the California Women Golfers Association, at Los Angeles, she returned a very high score in the qualifying round and on the Ingleside course she received the largest handicap.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Del Monte Tournament.

The schedule of the Del Monte golf tournament next month is as follows:

Monday, September 2.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Qualifying rounds over thirty-six holes, medal play; the best sixteen scores to qualify. First eighteen holes.

2:30 p. m.—Second eighteen holes.

Tuesday, September 3.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. First match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:15 p. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Second match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Qualifying round, over eighteen holes, medal play; best eight to qualify.

Wednesday, September 4.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Semi-final match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. First match round, over eighteen holes with handicap.

Thursday, September 5.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Final round, first eighteen holes, with handicap.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Semi-final match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Final round, second eighteen holes, with handicap.

Friday, September 6.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Final round, over eighteen holes, match play, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Handicap Mixed Foursomes, over eighteen holes, medal play.

Saturday, September 7.

9:30 a. m.—Consolation Event for men. Handicap over thirty-six holes, medal play; first eighteen holes.

10:00 a. m.—Consolation Event for women. Handicap over eighteen holes, medal play.

2:30 p. m.—Consolation Event for men. Second eighteen holes.

Ties in either consolation event to be settled over eighteen holes on Sunday, September 8, or Monday, September 9, as the competitors may agree.

The Columbia Trust Company is directing particular attention to the one year collateral gold notes of the San Joaquin Light & Power Co. The company has a capitalization of \$3,000,000 and a bonded indebtedness of \$1,335,000. The gross earnings for the year ending November 30, 1906 were \$244,093.41 and the gross expenses \$76,399.80. This leaves the net earnings \$167,693.61 and deducting the interest account of \$45,190.41 the net profits were \$122,503.20.

The Unwritten Law.

The object of this law is, and always has been, to curb the primitive instinct of revenge; without such a curb the world would, as Sidney Smith said, be a "wild waste of passion." Whatever gives a sanction to this "wild justice" though under the guise of honor, must be regarded as a "throwing back" to the ages of barbarism.

Fixing up the Coast Road.

Coming down from San Francisco on the day coaster the other day, said a friend of mine, I had a very interesting talk with a fireman who was going as far as Santa Barbara in the smoking car to start his run. Passing the scene of the tragedy near Honda, where the Shiner train was wrecked, we naturally discussed the reason of such accidents and the possibility of preventing them. "As a matter of fact," said my acquaintance, "these accidents are in no way due to the carelessness of employes. We have some of the oldest and most experienced railroaders on this coast line and they have been particularly careful of late on account of the roadbed being in such bad shape. The rails, too, are quite heavy enough for anything that runs on this division, but the ties and roadbed have received practically no attention for I don't know how long. The division superintendent was allowed so much with which to keep up the line and, in order to make a good showing on the expense account, he stinted material and labor. But the Shiner wreck raised such a public hullabaloo that the responsible, or rather irresponsible, man was fired and a new official put in his place with explicit orders to make the roadbed safe. This is being done rapidly now and it will not be long before this line is as safe as any in the country."

Easy For the Fireman.

My friend, the fireman, went on to tell me some of his experiences. "This run," said he, "is just the easiest snap that a railroader could fall into. Firemen get \$2.50 a hundred miles and about all we have to do is to keep awake between stations. A man who has any sense at all can work one of those oil burners without any trouble, especially if, like myself, he has worked on a coal burner. It is not so many years since I was glad to shovel coal for eighteen and twenty hours on a stretch on a freight engine and get only \$1.75 a hundred and it took me just twice as long to make the hundred miles as it does now on a passenger engine. Later I fired on a fast mail train and shoveled twenty-two tons of coal on each run. That was the most strenuous work I ever did. A man could step on the engine at the start of the run feeling as fit as a fiddle and at the end he would just about totter out of the cab hardly able to stand up. Yes, conditions are very fine for the engineers and firemen out here and, for that reason the company has no need to overwork them. I can make \$115 to \$125 a month quite comfortably without working more than eight or nine hours a day and the engineers make pretty near double that for the same amount of work. You may feel assured when you ride on this line that the men in charge of the engine are old hands at the business and careful withal. The good men are only too anxious to work here and the company never has to take on inexperienced hands."

No Excuses.

"We have no excuses to offer," says Jack Densham, in speaking of the signal defeat of the *Valkyrie* last Sunday. "The result was

a bitter disappointment to me, not that I expected that we would win, but I certainly looked for a much better showing. The extraordinary part of it is that, up to the last part of both the race on Saturday and the special race over the same course on Sunday, we held our own fairly well. We met our Waterloo in the rough water on the beat back to the weather mark—that is to say, our little craft was clearly outclassed at this kind of work by the heavier body of the *Discovery*, but even here we did not lose sufficiently to account for the large amount of time clapsing between our opponent's finish and our own."

Currents the Cause.

"Captain McFarland has sailed on San Francisco bay for many years and he knows fairly well where the favoring currents may be found at different times of the tide. That this was where he made his principal gain was clearly proved the following day when we raced against the *Neva* and the yawl, *Mary*. Both the boats passed the weather stake-boat ahead of us the first time around, then we set our kites and began to overhaul them. We passed the yawl before we reached the first lee mark and were almost up to the *Neva* at the second, or extreme, lee buoy. In the windward work thereafter the *Neva* gained on us only inch by inch and we gained much more rapidly on the yawl. So much so that when Walter Folsom, who was sitting down to leeward almost up to his neck in water, asked me where the yawl was, I replied, 'To leeward and astern a full mile and hopelessly outclassed.' Yet that yawl rounded the weather buoy ahead of us. How she did it, I don't quite know, but both she and the *Neva* found some favoring current off Alcatraz Island while we were painfully bucking against a strong flood tide.

Ticklish Work.

"I have sailed in some pretty hard blows at different times in my life but I have never experienced anything like that run down before the wind from the Presidio to Goat Island. A conservative estimate places the rate of the wind at thirty-five miles an hour. We carried our mainsail to starboard and our small spinnaker, and big enough at that, out to port. Have you seen that Hawaiian at Venice shooting the breakers? Well it was something like that—only that when we were on the crest of a roller the wind would catch us and literally shoot us out of the water. There were times when only part of our keel was in the water and the next moment we would be in the trough with both bow and stern completely under water. We took turns at sitting on the spinnaker boom for it was hard and tiring work keeping the little spar from flying up in the air. Oscar Freytag and Bob Fulton, who handled the light sails, did very clever work. Imagine the little boat yawing and rolling like that, the wind blowing with such velocity and weight, a mere scratch of deck for a foothold and then think what it means to gather in a spinnaker in short order. But they did it all right and right smartly too, greatly to the admiration of the San Franciscans, but when it came to the jibe I was horribly scared. It seemed impossible that we could carry that mainsail over and not take the stick out of her. I was on the main sheet and it was up to me to see that the line ran clear or we would capsize to a dead certainty and with oilskins on and no craft within hailing distance such an accident would almost certainly result in fatality. But we had to jibe or lose many precious seconds, so we stood by. Walter gave me plenty of time to haul, Oscar took the lee back-stay and over she came. The boom

whizzed past my ear like a bullet, the back-stay twanged like a guitar string but held, the mainsail struck the back wind with the sound of a heavy gun and then I drew a long breath of relief. But it was ticklish, and I confess that, had I been sailing the boat, I should have gone about and taken the risk of being jeered at and losing time. In this, as in every other part of the race, Walter showed prodigious coolness and calculation."

Splendid Sportsmen.

"Those San Francisco yachtsmen are splendid winners. And everybody knows that this is much harder than being a good loser. There was not a word of criticism. We were told, of course, where we might have made better use of the tide, but in everything else there was nothing but kindly comment on our work. Some of the older yachtsmen frankly expressed admiration for anybody who had the gall to sail on the bay in such a diminutive cockleshell. The whole thing may be summed up in a few words. A boat with big body and small sail plan against a boat with small body and big sail plan. On racing measurements they figure up to the same size, but in reality the former is very much the larger. If there was a single detail tending to advance our comfort that those San Franciscans overlooked, I have yet to find out what it was. The San Francisco Yacht Club treated us not only as fellow members but as honored guests and the Corinthians carefully timed their hospitality so as not to interfere with our practice. It was hard work and we took a good beating but I would not have missed the trip for anything and I know that this race has done more to establish friendly relations between the northern and southern yachtsmen than all the correspondence and hot air in the world."

The Merchants Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Los Angeles, is scheduled to complete its organization August 12. Sixteen of the towns of Southern California will be represented at the meeting. A guarantee fund of \$50,000 must be raised after which \$2,500 can be taken on any one risk, but no risks can be taken on mills, factories, and coal, wood, feed and lumber yards. After the risks exceed \$1,000,000 the limit can be raised \$1,000 for each \$1,000,000 of risk.

Metzger Growing.

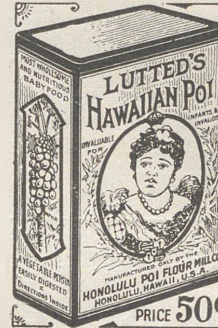
Albert Metzger, of the *Musical Review*, is energetically hammering away with his monthly and is making fine progress. For a time, after the San Francisco disaster, the *Musical Review* was published in Los Angeles. Now he has established the *Review* on a more ambitious basis than ever. It is to be a 120 page monthly with 30 pages devoted to San Francisco, 30 to Los Angeles, 30 to Portland and 30 to Seattle, offices being established in each city. A more energetic citizen than this same Albert Metzger never came to Los Angeles.

Down to Business.

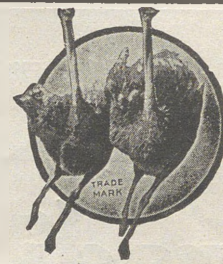
San Franciscans must have rubbed their eyes in astonishment when they read the proceedings of the new board of supervisors early this week. Measures were instituted looking to the installation of a salt water system for fire protection; for the rehabilitation of the public buildings which have been in a condition of wreck since April 6; to determine the right of the United Railroads to operate the Sutter street cars on Market from Sutter to the ferries; to ascertain the status of the Geary street line, which the

Mojonier
Photographer
Auditorium, 5th and Olive

Visitors
Are
Cordially
invited



Luttet's Hawaiian Poi
A Combined Food and Drink
Eat POI and Grow Healthy in
Body and Brain
It is Nature's Best Remedy for Dyspepsia
and Indigestion
Nourishing and Strengthening
At Soda Fountains—It is a delicious,
creamy beverage peptonized
ANDERSON & CHANSLOR CO.
H. JEVNE CO. and
J. R. NEWBERRY & CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



We Sell
Ostrich
Feathers

Tips, Plumes, Fans, Muffs, Boas, Stoles, etc.
A magnificent \$50,000 stock, from which to
select.
Repair Department All repair work is handled by
the same skilled operators who
manufacture our new goods.
All repair work promptly and properly executed

Camston Ostrich Farm

Phones { C9078 East 1973 South Pasadena, Cal.
Los Angeles City Sales Store 224 W. Third St.

Have the Best
Selected Stock of

Wines & Liquors

To be Found in Los Angeles

All brands of recognized merit—whether Foreign or Domestic have a place in this stock. I make catering to the best class of Family Trade a specialty. Telephone and your order will be delivered anywhere.

C. J. A. Last

WINE MERCHANT

Main 38; Home 38 129-131 N. Main Street

J. J. Lonergan THE John Koster
NEW IMPERIAL CAFE

ENTRANCES:

243 South Spring Street; 242 South Broadway

Refurnished, Redecorated and Heated to Suit
the Season.

Music including the Silver Electric Chimes during
Lunch, Dinner and after theater hours, under direc-
tion of A. F. Frankenstein.

Corn Splitters, 25 Cents

The most ingenious novelty of the day. Make eating corn from the cob a pleasure. See them in our window

E. GERSON, Jeweler

359 South Broadway

Sunset Main 1311 Home A1260

FOR RENT: Houses, Flats, Stores, Offices
Lots. LARGE LIST

Rental Department
W. M. Garland & Co.
324 Huntington Bldg.

List your property with
us for quick results

Both Phones 569

Established 1887



Just received a new line of solid silverware for the table, a great variety of exclusive designs in tea sets, salad bowls, etc.

Our Optical Department is in charge of
Dr. C. H. Heard.

S. CONRADI COMPANY
JEWELERS

203-205 S. Spring St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Bdwy. 2334

Home F 2703

A visit will convince you that our line of

**ART NOVELTIES
PICTURES, FRAMES
AND MOULDINGS**

is without an equal.

Mouldings designed to order. Our Art Gallery is filled with Treasures.

Inspection cordially invited.

J. F. Kanst Art Co.
642 S. SPRING ST.

Music for All Occasions

Dances, Weddings, Parties
Serenades, Musicales
Society Events of Every Nature

When you are in need of an orchestra, or one or more select artists, call on us. We are ready at all times with the best talent in the city.

MUSICIANS' EXCHANGE

108 Stimson Building, Third and Spring Streets
Main 3093 Los Angeles, California Home 7773

Cut this out for reference.

late "good dogs" intended to place under municipal control at a first cost of \$700,000; and to establish a park reserve on Telegraph Hill. And all that was done in one afternoon. The municipal business of San Francisco can be straightened out in short order and much good accomplished, if the many factions that rend the city will cease fighting and work for the common good. Neither would it require much time for a thoroughly honest administration to create a healthy public spirit and civic pride among San Franciscans—something that the leading men have lacked for years. At any rate a good start has been made.

He Enjoyed It!

"I have been to one fight since I became mayor, and my ticket on that occasion was bought by Reese Llewellyn, of the Llewellyn Iron Works, who paid \$20 for it, and who took me as his guest. That was the O'Brien fight, and I really enjoyed it."—Mayor Harper in an interview.

Mayor Harper is the only man who saw the Burns-O'Brien fiasco who ever said, "I really enjoyed it." I wish the mayor would be a trifle more explicit and tell what features of that fight he "really enjoyed."

Love's Task.

H. M. Love, newspaper man and a pretty good sort of a chap, has accepted the secretaryship of the Health Board, the understanding being that he is expected to quell the strife in the office of that honorable body. Mr. Love is a graduate of Berkeley, a finished purveyor of *Examiner* hot air, and he comes of the real Democratic stock of Ventura. Yet with all these accomplishments, I doubt if he can bring peace to that particular brood of fighters in the city hall. Sometimes I think that a newspaper man makes a mistake when he meddles with a political position. There are exceptions of course, when one remembers the careers of Attorney Robert A. Todd and of Walter Parker, both of whom graduated from newspaper offices into the secretaryship of the mayor of Los Angeles. But there are others. George M. Trowbridge, who is now all but forgotten in Los Angeles, made a mistake in becoming secretary to former Mayor Eaton. Logan A. Garten made a mistake when he left the old *Herald* office for a position in the city hall. I often think that Tossie Wright would have done better had he never left the *Times* office and gone into Mayor Snyder's office. I know another man in this town who thinks that he lost seven years of his life when he left a fine position on a San Francisco newspaper, to accept a State office, with a fair salary and nothing much to do. I speak advisedly for I am that man. Whenever a newspaper man goes into politics, he gets out of step with the profession. Sooner or later he will go back to his first love and realize that he has lost time.

Perry's Suit.

It does not make much difference who and what are behind the suit filed by Arthur St. Clair Perry to enjoin the city from proceeding with public works without advertising for bids. This is aimed, of course, at further construction of the outfall sewer under the supervision of Homer Hamlin and at the direct orders of the public works board. The outfall is nearly completed and is being done practically at the cost estimated by the city engineer. The suit may have been filed at the instigation of the contractors who "fell down" in carrying out the work, and may be laying

a foundation for a defense in case the city attempts to recover on the bond of the contractors the amount between their bid and the actual cost of the sewer. The city attorney is confident that the suit in no wise delay work, as there is no balance left in the fund created by the sale of outfall sewer bonds and the suit cannot affect other work as the state law requiring work to be done by contract was amended at the last session of the legislature.

Outfall History.

It is to be hoped that the courts will not grant the temporary injunction asked by Perry. The outfall is too near completion and too many citizens are being incommoded by the delays incident to its construction, to permit legal tangles to operate to the disadvantage of the people. It may be that before the end of this case is reached, some of the history of the outfall will be aired, from time that the Political Brickmakers made their initial miscue, through the period that the contractors did all the easy work and collected their pro-rata at so much per foot, and for the final fall down of the contracting firm. The outfall history has been clouded in mystery from the first, and it is to be hoped that there is now a chance to complete the work, the law will keep its fingers out.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Water Bonds.

Wise plan, that, of the city, not to offer more than a million dollars of the water bond issue at this time. Interest is too high and the bond market is choked with securities. Another batch of the bonds, probably a million dollars more, will be offered in March next. When the conditions are unpropitious, there is no reason in crowding the securities down the throat of an unwilling market.

Another Brewery.

Another brewery is announced. The newcomers are to navigate under the name of the Duquesne Brewing Company. With only two hundred licenses to go around and with licenses worth approximately \$10,000 each, somebody must be prepared to spend a pot of money.

The Trough and the Crest.

Last year the *Examiner* was riding on a wave of liberal expenditure, the crest of which was reached when the ill-fated Charlie Van Loan-Jack Densham-Dora Bennis expedition was sent out at no mean expense. The return of the commissioners marked the lapsing of the vessel from the crest of the wave. Since then the paper has been wallowing in the hollow of retrenchment. Some people thought it was due to the money W. R. Hearst had spent on his political aspirations, but I think it was due more to a natural reaction after the almost

"The Largest and Finest Stock of Furniture in the West."

DINING ROOM FURNITURE

FROM THE ROYAL FURNITURE CO.

Of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The plain, simple lines of the Old Colonial and Sheraton styles appeal to every lover of good furniture. They cannot be improved upon. The designers of the Royal Furniture Co. have been most successful in reproducing these desirable styles, and every piece is perfect in construction. We have an extensive line of these fine pieces. Prompt delivery in perfect condition.

Store Closed Saturday at Noon during this Month



**Pease Bros.
Furniture Co.**



640-646 SOUTH HILL ST

prodigal way the Hearst money was spent last year. Now the next wave is approaching and there are signs of a more liberal policy. Small items are no longer chopped from reportorial expense accounts, the slaves of the copy desk no more work in fear of losing their jobs nightly, assignment reporters gaily indulge in fifty cent suppers and charge up the regular \$1.50 without fear of the blue pencil; also the staff has been enlarged. Miss Grace Hull, who, by the way, is Jean Craib's sister, the former being her nom de theater, has been permanently engaged, due, so I have heard it whispered, to the excellent work she did in San Diego on the Magill case. Three new general assignment men have been engaged and there will be something doing if our friends of the castle at First and Broadway bring over any more scoops. Personally, I am glad to see this. Arthur Clarke is too good a managing editor to be handicapped by a lack of expense money. Taken all around he is a man of excellent newspaper sense and, considering that it is a Hearst paper, runs his end of the *Examiner* in a conservative and up-to-date manner.

An error crept into my article of last week on the mining enterprise of the Princess Gold Mining and Milling Company in reference to the values of the ores. The fact is that the assays up to date give an average of fourteen dollars (\$14) per ton gold. The mill test made with two tons of the rock showed \$3.80 per ton free gold, six dollars and eighty-eight cents (\$6.88) gold per ton from the pulp (tailings); and \$19.15 per ton of concentrates from the concentrators, making the mill test \$11.24 per ton gold. The management is conducted by the following board of directors: Johnstone Jones, president; Z. B. Slater, vice-president; J. E. Burch, superintendent; George A. Barry, G. T. Little, treasurer, and John Munro, secretary.

Yacht Race to Santa Barbara.

The race to Santa Barbara and the regatta there has been arranged and I hope to see it a big success. The San Diego trip has fallen through owing to trouble between the South Coast Yacht Club and the San Diego Yacht Club over the Lipton Cup. The Santa Barbara race takes its place. Now the men who make these arrangements are not the men who sail the boats. The latter have very little say in the matter but are subject to the direction of the Regatta Committee. I believe that the latter acted in perfectly good faith when they went to Santa Barbara and arranged with the Potter Hotel people to put up the prizes for the different races, but they can hardly be sore if many of the yachtsmen do not respond to the call and sail up there. It is a hard trip and the anchorage up there is none of the best. The one place to lay at anchor is in the open bay protected only by the heads at one side of the bay and the kelp outside. There is always some swell there, although it is not as bad as Ocean Park and an anchor watch is an excellent precaution. Now that everything is arranged it is up to the yachtsmen to back up the club and make a good showing. The *Columbine* will sail up and so will the *Monsoon*, but these two boats can hardly make an interesting race unless the wind blows very hard as the new freak has shown her superiority over Mr. Pugh's yacht in all the races so far this season. Walter Folsom cannot very well take the *Mischief* up there as he has only just returned from sailing the *Valkyrie* in San Francisco bay and he has a business to look after. Also he can hardly be expected to trust his yacht

to the tender mercies of somebody else, especially for an ocean trip like that. There will be a good time ashore for all the yachtsmen; that goes without saying, but afloat things will not be quite so easy. However, the Santa Barbara people have made extensive preparations for a royal reception of the yachtsmen and I believe that there is a strong feeling in the club that they must not be disappointed. Even if the races are not very exciting, this will be more than made up for if a large fleet of cruising yachts goes up there whether they race up or not. Neither the *Detroit* nor the *Yankee* will venture up there as they are not built for cruising and the trip would be too wet and uncomfortable for the crew.

Why?

With the thousands of men who go to the fights at Naud Junction the question of the hour is "Why did Jimmy Burns (George Mem-sic) fudge out of his engagement with Joe Gans, which was to have occurred Friday evening of this week. Burns says he is "sick" and Coroner Lanterman, official physician for the Pacific Athletic Club corroborates this statement; on the contrary, Dr. Charles W. Bryson and Dr. Ralph Hagan say he is not sick. I have a theory of my own. What was "Willus" Britt doing in Los Angeles last Sunday? Did he meet Burns and get him to back out of his engagement with Gans, promising in return a battle with Jimmy Britt before a San Francisco club? Therein, I believe will be found the cause of Burns's "sickness." A meeting with Britt in San Francisco would be a better financial proposition than a meeting with Gans in Los Angeles.

More Trouble for Tom.

A correspondent writes; "Now we have another nasty little scandal in prize-fighting circles. For weeks the sporting pages of the dailies have been filled with the doings and sayings of a certain colored gentlemen who purports to be, and I presume is really, the champion fighter of the world at his weight. It seems that Tom McCarey had arranged for a meeting between this Joe Gans and another youth who is said to be able to conquer the champion. The latter's doings have been chronicled more minutely and with more attention to detail than if he were a member of some royal family and his condition and state of health watched as never was that of a Derby winner. McCarey had not made the mistake of offering any "frenzied finance" amount of money to the fighters. Ten thousand dollars is a large sum of money but compared with the thirty thousand paid for recent battles in Nevada, is a very conservative amount as, judging by the receipts at the Naud Junction Pavilion at times, the promoters could easily reckon on twice that amount being taken in at the doors. It seems that Tom McCarey, whom I have always liked and looked upon as far more sinned against than sinning, was to inaugurate the opening of a season of careful and successful management. Then came the trouble. The man who was to meet the champion had agreed to reduce his weight to a certain point before entering the ring. He found it impossible to do this, but he posted two thousand dollars to be forfeited should he fail to do so. This was more than he could afford to lose, so he and his trainers resorted to subterfuge. Two doctors examined him and stated that he was unfit to continue training and the fight must be postponed. Then two other doctors also examined him and stated he that he was perfectly healthy and could train without chance of injuring himself. Which

**CANTRELL
AND
COCHRANE**
WORLD RENOWNED
**BELFAST
GINGER
ALE**
32 Gold Medals.
W. WOLFF & Co.
248-258 Mission St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

\$25.00

TO

Grand Canyon and Return

From July 15th to August 31st we will sell a special excursion ticket, Los Angeles to Grand Canyon and back for \$25.00. Good 30 days. Same rate from other local points in Southern California. This is the most delightful season at the most delightful mountain resort within easy reach of Los Angeles, and in addition to the marvelous scene, its hotel accommodations are excellent, and varied in price to suit all. If you are fond of the forest or of mountain climbing—if you are a geologist, a hunter or naturalist—or if you just love the sublime in Nature, here you find it.

Write, phone or call.



E. W. McGee, 334 So. Spring St.
Home Phone A 9224; Sunset, Main 783

A Great Trolley System

Four hundred and fifty miles of standard gauge track radiating from Sixth and Main Streets, Los Angeles.

Reaches most of the beach and valley points of interest besides extending to

MOUNT LOWE

A mile above the sea.

Get literature from the nearest agent.

**The Pacific Electric
Railway Company**

M. de Haaff

Commercial Photographer

Interiors, Exteriors and Flashlights.

Newspaper and Advertising work a specialty.

399 Wilcox Bldg.

Home A 6040

of the doctors are right I do not know, nor do I care, but it is one more evidence of the trickery resorted to by men who make their living by following the "Noble Art." Here is a game on which an enormous amount of money is spent. The papers employ men to do nothing else but write signed articles about prize-fighters, people pay twice as much for a seat at one of these affairs as they would a box at the opera and large bets are made on the result. I believe that Tom McCarey tries

to follow an honest policy but I cannot see what chance he has to do this successfully when he is dealing with the most unprincipled class of men in the country. It is a "Noble Art" when followed for one's own benefit and sport. If we want to see boxing matches, let us hie to a gymnasium and watch our friends who are clever and scientific in the use of their fists; where the boxers wear gloves large enough to prevent serious hurt and are boxing simply and solely for the love of the game. We may not see quite so much science but we shall have just as much satisfaction in talking it over afterwards and will know that we are watching amateur sportsmen and not brutalized "sluggers" who may have arranged for one man to win beforehand in order to reap a golden harvest from the easily fooled public.

By Auto to Redwood.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Busch, with their son and daughter, Hays and Amy, left Saturday morning for Redwood City, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. M. Howard. They made the trip in their automobile. Going they took in Santa Barbara, Pismo Beach and Del Monte. They will be absent about a month and before returning will tour the Yosemite Valley.

Of novelties there is no end. I thought that the *ultima thule* in the manipulation of corn on the cob had been attained when corn holders came into vogue. But there is something better than corn holders—the latest thing is a corn splitter. You run this instrument lengthwise along the luscious cob and small knives split every grain. Then down the heavenly mass in butter and use salt and pepper and Major Ben C. Truman in his wild-

est epicurean flights never encountered anything like unto this. You do not get the husk and you do get the gorgeous contents of the grains. E. Gerson has the agency for these corn splitters. You will miss the acme of corn delight if you don't get one.

Poor Old Jay.

How suddenly can overflowing joy and hilarity be turned into wailing and gnashing of teeth? Ask Jay Davidson; he may be able to tell you the exact length of time necessary for this change. This joke is on Jay although it was not really his fault but that of a reporter in San Francisco. During the progress of the yacht race in San Francisco last Saturday a correspondent for the news agency whence the *News* obtains its San Francisco copy, was watching the yachts and sending in occasional bulletins. As these came in they were set up all ready for printing. Finally came one which said, "*Valkyrie* far behind looks hopeless for challenger." Jay, who is a good friend of Walter Folsom was feeling pretty blue when suddenly the telegraph instrument began ticking and Jay seized the little piece of "flimsy." He read it and let out a whoop of joy, rushed to the composing room, flew at his typewriter and hurriedly wrote a paean of victory in such poetical phrases as "Great gobs of joy" and then rushed up town to spread the glad tidings broadcast. For this is what he had read. "After passing Aleatraz Island the *Valkyrie* gets fair current and passes *Discovery*, coming in easy winner." For some two hours there was a fever of hilarity on Spring street. People who had hardly heard about the race asked what the excitement was and largely expressed their delight when they heard that a Los Angeles yacht had defeated the pride of San Francisco Bay.

Idyllwild

Among The Pines



Spend Your Vacation Here

A Mountain Resort a mile above the sea. Most restful spot in Southern California. All city conveniences.

The Ideal Place for Rest and Comfort

Beautiful mountain streams, wild and picturesque trails, horseback riding, bowling, tennis, croquet, dancing, good music, evening concerts, etc.

New Bungalow, Tents, Cottages

No persons with tuberculosis admitted. For full information address,

W. L. ABDILL, Manager, Idyllwild, Cal.

or Ralph A. Lowe, Secretary, 1414 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
or, Peck-Judah, 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

46th QUARTERLY REPORT

Founded in 1886. Los Angeles Branch Established in 1895.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE

Los Angeles Investment Company

FORMERLY LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT AND TRUST COMPANY.

AUGUST 1, 1907

Office, 337 South Hill Street

Tels. Main 2248; Home A 8118.

Hours 9 to 6

DIRECTORS: Chas. A. Elder, President and Manager; Chas. Cassat Davis, Vice-President and Attorney; W. D. Deeble, Sec'y.; G. M. Derby, Treas.; E. J. Scott, Cashier; A. P. Thomson, Associate Attorney, and C. L. Bagley.

RESOURCES.

Bal. due on houses being sold on monthly installments, mortgages, secured loans and houses under construction	\$ 979,133.88
Building Material Co. stock, including 30 lots, 20th & Alameda sts., warehouse, shops, lumber, horses, wagons, etc.	149,660.53
Stock in Globe Savings Bank	17,378.76
Real Estate (at original cost)	167,678.45
Fixtures	1,864.24
Cash on hand	43,661.06
	<u>\$1,359,376.92</u>

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid up in cash	\$ 701,760.00
Surplus and undivided profits	457,167.18
	<u>\$1,158,927.18</u>
Home certificates, Gold Certificates, Notes and Mortgages	200,449.74
	<u>\$1,359,376.92</u>

6 per cent. Paid on Home Certificates

5 per cent. Paid on Gold Certificates

But, oh, what a change when, about seven o'clock, a telegram arrived for Bill Birk, Walter's partner. It told tersely that the *Valkyrie* had been outclassed all the way. Jay was terribly upset and I believe that he gave very little thought to the break his paper had made but was disappointed only because the *Valkyrie* had not won. How the reporter had managed to make such a mistake it is hard to say. There was no possibility for a mistake in transmission for the message stated explicitly that the *Valkyrie* had found a favoring current and thus gained on the other yacht.

Rugby Prospects Good.

I am naturally prejudiced in favor of Rugby because I played it when I was a youngster and I am glad to see it gaining a firm foothold in Southern California. When the two northern universities undertook the new game there was strenuous opposition, both from the students and from the San Francisco press. The only paper that upheld them in the new venture was the *Examiner* and this was due principally to the work of Douglas Erskine. This good Scotchman is a magnificent specimen of the north country athlete. He is built "from the ground up" and is muscled like a Titan; he has played both games and is in fine position to judge of the comparative merits of the two games. He came out with a strong article applauding the action of the powers of the universities and prophesying that one season would reconcile the students to the innovation. His prophesy has turned out to be true. The northerners have come to really enjoy the game and they will enjoy it all the more when this season inaugurates the open style of play. As the game was played last year, it was a compromise between the

intercollegiate game and Rugby. The Berkeley-Stanford Committee decided that every time the ball was held the referee should blow his whistle and a regular scrummage be formed. The result was that the games played here were nothing but a meaningless succession of scrums. But there will be a great change with the open game. This method of play calls for the ball to be placed on the ground the moment it is held and immediately put into play. The result is that the game is very much faster and more open. The ball is almost always in sight and quick work by the forwards will win a game without dependence on the cleverness of the backs. I look for better appreciation of Rugby by the Los Angeles football players this season and I think the occupants of the bleachers will find it a fine game to watch. Polytechnic High School will play Rugby only and will not try to put two teams in the field. Pomona High School, Riverside, Redlands, Long Beach and Compton all played Rugby last year and will stay by it. Many of the other high schools need only a little persuasion to follow their example. From what I hear Polytechnic is very much in favor of Rugby and will stay with it. This being the case it cannot be very long before the High School puts out a team so that they may play their old opponents. If the high schools take up Rugby, the colleges must do so eventually as the freshmen each year will come up with a knowledge and prejudice in favor of the game. Why should the football season be restricted to the few weeks previous to Thanksgiving? It is all very well in the east where it is impossible to play after the late fall on account of the frost and snow; but here where the weather conditions are good all through the winter, there is no reason why the game should not be

played and enjoyed until the track season opens. Rugby enthusiasts claim for it that the game can be played by any young business man on a Saturday afternoon and that he can return to his business on Monday morning feeling all the better for the exercise without the risk of having his bones broken. This is certainly the case in England where nearly everybody plays one form of football every Saturday from October till the end of March. Any innovation of football that tends to make it a healthy exercise and sport instead of a bone-breaking fracas is welcome and I shall be glad if the Rugby game grows as fast in popular favor as it bids fair to do.

The Twentieth Annual Championship Tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, which for several years past has been held on the courts at San Rafael, will be held at Del Monte this year. The events are open to all amateur players and special rates will be given to the players on the railroad and at the hotel. The championships to be played for are as follows: men's singles, women's singles, men's doubles, women's doubles, mixed doubles, junior singles. Play will begin on August 31 and will continue until September 9, on which day the final rounds in the most important events will be played.

Editorial Pages.

Almost any newspaper man you meet nowadays will speak contemptuously of the "editorial page." The rising newspaper generation thinks that the sun has about set on the era when the editorials count for anything. Perhaps unconsciously these young men thus give assent to what many thinking men believe—that the influence of the daily newspaper is only wielded in news

**For a Vacation with Economy
and Excellence**

THE POTTER

**Fronting the Ocean in Cool
Santa Barbara**

**A daylight ride through the prettiest country in the world
MOST PICTURESQUE COAST**

Golf, polo, tennis, fishing, automobiling, surf bathing, yachts, launches and horse-back riding. See the Santa Barbara Mission (still in use.) Hope Ranch, Channel Islands, Le Cumbre Trail and a thousand other things that will interest you.

**Reduced round trip rates
good for thirty days**



**Accommodations for 1200
RATES: July 1st to January 1st**

\$2.50

per day and upwards



Furniture and Draperies, "America's Best" now on Exhibition. Every lover of good goods and genuine artistic effects should inspect our stock.

Rice-Nimock-LeSage Co.
Formerly

Broadway Drapery and Furniture Co.
723-25 SOUTH HILL ST.

Home P 2057

Sunset Main 2736

BAY CITY

The Best Beach

There's only one "Best Beach"—Bay City. It is at its best now. We are offering special inducements to lot buyers who will build at once. It will be worth while to look into this rare opportunity to secure a seaside home at a figure that will assure large profits to the investor.

Take the free ocean ride. Get a fish dinner at the hotel. See the fine new pavilion going up. Meet the sea breezes at the end of the 1500 foot pier. Surf and still water bathing, still water boating. Good fishing.

Take Pacific Electric coast line direct to Bay City; or go to Long Beach and get free tickets for the ocean ride at 103 East Ocean avenue; or go to Alamitos and take free ferry for Bay City.

P. A. STANTON, Pres.
J. A. LOTHIAN, Vice-Pres.
W. E. EMERSON, Sec.
MERCHANTS NAT. BK., Tr.

BAYSIDE LAND CO.

316 West Third St., Los Angeles
Home A 9000, Sunset Main 763
103 E. Ocean Ave., Long Beach
BAY CITY, CAL.

Rare collection of
Antique Furniture
At
Art Furniture Co.
615 W. Pico.

columns. Another reason for latter day disrepute is that the tone of the editorial pages is lamentably low. In Los Angeles there is only one "editorial page" worth reading—and while I frequently disagree from the opinions and views of the editor of the *News*, Mr. S. T. Clover, I never read that page without receiving mental comfort. Mr. Clover's editorial page is not to be compared to the splendid editorial page of the *Portland Oregonian*, without doubt the best west of Chicago, but it is an oasis in the dreary desert of Los Angeles editorial pages. Take, for instance, the *Times* page. It is made up of long winded dissertations on subjects of no consequence, and occasionally a red hot attack either on the labor unions (usually good) or on the paper's enemies. The paragraphing is poor and such columns as *Men and Things Over the Sea*, *Army and Navy Men*, and the like are not worth the ink with which they are printed. The cartoons are usually bad. The *Examiner* idea is different. Much of the editorial is telegraphed—this being the heated lucubrations of the Brisbane brain. The cartoons are nearly always Hearst's eastern

stuff. Then fussy dissertations by frenzied females go to fill up the remainder of the page. You are told how to cut warts so that they will not bleed; advice is given to immature mollycoddles on "affairs of the heart"; anything with a local flavor is skim milk, except that once in a while your "Uncle Heinie" essays the task of flaying the *Times* and General Otis! He doesn't understand the use of a razor. The *Herald's* editorial page is still in the milk. The new management has tried nothing in particular. Frequently the *Record* publishes an editorial worth reading. The writer of these has absorbed sufficient of Hearstian virus to believe that short sentences and big capitol letters breathe virility. The *Record* man's work is uneven; in spots excellent, in other spots he drools. And now as to the *Express*. Its best column is *Twenty Five Years Ago Today*. That is always worth while and is often the newsiest part of the entire paper. The paragraphing, by Brininstool, supposed to be witty, is rather tiresome; the heavy articles are fetid. The editor of the *Express* has assumed the lofty attitude that he talks for the People—with a capital P. He wearies with platitudes; with assaults on those Mr. Earl does not like.

Where Are They?

Judge Ballou and Mrs. Ballou, formerly Mrs. Lucia Burnett, sailed Monday from San Francisco for Honolulu on the transport *Logan*.

Mrs. Robert B. Kidd, of Honolulu, formerly a well-known newspaper man in Los Angeles, arrived in San Francisco last week.

Mrs. Victor E. Shaw and Miss Alice Shaw are spending the month at Hotel Coronado.

Mrs. Oliver P. Posey left last week for New York where she will pass several months.

Mrs. Fred Kimball, the Misses May and Ruby Kimball and Miss Ethel McLellan are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Carliart have returned from a motoring trip to Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Molony, of 2417 Juliet street, have left for Denver.

Major and Mrs. Klokke and daughter are at the Hotel Redondo for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts and family have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. F. R. Frost, of 1011 West Twenty-third street, left here last week for Mexico.

Miss A. L. Swobdi left a few days ago for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Goldthwaite left last week for the east, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Thomas Rutledge, of Colusa, who with her sons, Clifford and Ralph, have been the guests of Miss Theresa Ernst, of 1511 West Pico street, is at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harding, of 2707 Portland street, are at Lake Tahoe.

Major and Mrs. H. M. Russell and Miss Eva Keating, of 714 West Adams street, have returned from New York.

Receptions.

August 5—Miss Elizabeth Donovan, 3928 San Julian street; cards.

August 5—Miss Julia Ruggles, 2723 Menlo avenue; recital.

August 6—Misses Lula, Rosalie and Pauline Elcan, 2215 West Sixteenth street; for Miss Latham.

Angelenos who registered at Hotel del Coronado in the past week are:

Mrs. George D. Rowan, Miss Florence Rowan, Mrs. E. B. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Woolner, Roy E. Newmark, Mrs. M. M. Newmark, Miss Frances Newmark, Miss A. K. Parsons, Miss E. H. Parsons, S. M. Parsons, Julius C. Black, E. J. Wilson and party, Mrs. Alfred Stern and children and maid, Mrs. V. E. Shaw, Mrs. F. L. Peck, J. F. Lincoln, Mr. Scott Sheldon, Thos. Hornly, Mrs. Lillian Reynoldson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dorr, Celeste Dorr and maid, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bittinger, C. S. McLenegan, Mrs. S. B. McLenegan, S. S. Cutler, Mrs. C. S. Houghton, H. H. Vincent, Harrison Albright and family, G. H. Palm and wife, Dr. H. F. True, Paul A. Crippen, R. R. Wakefield, L. Bush and family, Mrs. F. H. Rindge, S. X. Rindge, H. F. Rindge, Frank Russell, W. J. Hole and wife, Agnes M. Hole, Frank Webster, L. N. Brunsberg,

D. G. Grant and wife, Z. D. Mathuss and family, F. H. Adams and wife, R. H. Adams and wife, Miss Olga Adams, W. A. Barrington and wife, G. S. Straight and wife, J. K. Wilson.

The following residents of Los Angeles registered at the Hotel Majestic, San Francisco, during the past week: Dr. H. Hunt, M. H. Whittier, Miss Rose Patterson, S. M. Haskins, S. N. Bonsall, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Schallert, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Rochefort, W. L. Blackinson, J. J. Haviside, Isidor B. Dockweiler, Janet MacKinzie, Jarmila Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Loe, Mrs. H. H. Brown.

Southern Californians registered at northern resorts last week are:—

Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz—James Lawrence, J. R. Prenatt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Reed, Los Angeles.

Bartlett Springs—Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. W. C. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Caldwell, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Denton, Santa Barbara; H. J. Rich, H. E. Rich, Mount Wilson.

Byron Hot Springs—George Rose, W. A. Davis, Los Angeles.

Lakeside Park, Lake Tahoe—Mr. and Mrs. H. Brischacher and children, Joseph L. Choate, Miss Elizabeth Field, Los Angeles; J. P. Chaffin, Miss Celeste Nyce, Miss Ida Nyce, Mrs. A. F. Roberts-Coffin, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Pidduck, Oxnard; Miss Esther Peck, Santa Barbara; Miss Lena F. Grubb, Miss Emma M. Grubb, Miss Hester Fish, Miss Maud Parsons, Carpinteria.

Cottage City, Santa Cruz—S. J. Brown, George E. Stanley, Mrs. R. D. Blacom and children, J. R. Prenatt, J. L. Euce, Los Angeles.

Paso Robles Hot Springs—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Leon F. Moss, W. P. Smith, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Finley, T. K. Finley, Jr., W. H. Finley, Marcus Finley, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Goodwin, Miss Bessie Goodwin, Guy Goodwin, Donald Goodwin, Santa Maria; Miss Smiley, Redlands; W. R. Reis, Santa Margarita.

Vichy Springs, Ukiah—Miss Bertha H. Smith, Los Angeles.

Glen Alpine Springs—Gladys Moore, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Berry, D. L. M. McFarland, Mrs. Robert J. Northam, B. A. Olshausen, G. H. Olshausen, Lily Olshausen, Marion Churchill, J. L. Choate, L. H. Johnson, E. M. McDonough, C. A. Yarell, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lane, F. N. Bishop and family, T. R. Prevost, D. C. Hammell, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Winters, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hulse and son, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Oleovich, Miss Ruby Lindsay, Miss Florence Lindsay, Mrs. E. J. McLane, Miss Leona McLane, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fox, Mrs. L. Barry, Los Angeles; Fred M. Reed, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. Charlie D. Adams, Upland; W. W. Kemp, San Diego; M. G. Horne, Long Beach; W. C. Crandell, San Diego.

Hotel Vendome, San Jose—L. N. Breed, C. W. Hibbard, Los Angeles.

Deer Park Inn, Lake Tahoe—Miss I. F. Patterson,

Lucille's Letter


My dear Harriet:—

Isn't it remarkable how little attention women pay to outing hats? They stick any old thing on their heads and not always to their advantage. But this won't be the case any longer, inasmuch as the Boston Store has the finest collection of riding and outing hats it has ever been my good fortune to discover. You know those nobby, Colonial hats, with their piquant, upturned brims and their general air of sauciness and good form—well, you may have your choice of them at any price, and in any shade. Then, too, there are the almost masculine hats, with high crowns and brims slightly curled up in front. These also come in all shades, particularly beautiful in pearl grey. The new automobile hat is a stunner. The brim is tacked up on the crown directly in front—so that the wind may not catch it—and trailing across it are huge bows

of ribbon that give it a finished, dressy air that is something to be desired. Do take the hint, Harriet, and drop in. You know that riding hat of yours is a perfect disgrace.

Now's the time our June brides are descending to realism again and searching their brains—and their purses—for furnishings. The first thing is a rug—and the Ville is the place. They have all sorts of rich Turkish and Persian rugs in those dull, antique shades that give an air of richness even to an humble bungalow. And they have the gay, smart rugs, and the demure, bed room rugs—and all sorts of rugs—even to tile pattern rugs for the bath room. Their Bloochistan rugs will be sold at a third off—an opportunity not to be slighted. These rugs come from South Asia and are hand-made, fashioned of camel's hair and in very quaint patterns and rich colors. Just the thing for a wall or the ever present "space between." The Ville can supply any demand—from a rug for your drawing to an old-blue rug for your dressing room.

More next time, but you know all the ex-



Ye's Print Shop

Stationery

Reduced

Our annual reduction sale of Stationery is now on. A chance to supply your correspondence paper needs at prices ranging from one-third to one-half below regular.

Boxed Paper and Envelopes, Writing Tablets and Pencil Papers—Crane's, Hurd's, Whiting's, Marcus Ward's, Eaton Hurlbut's, etc.

Genuine reductions that should command your attention. Come to the shop early for the best selection.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.

313 South Broadway

Next door north of the Ville de Paris.

cuses—too many beach trips, etc.

Always,

Lucille.

South Figueroa street—August seventh.

Proposed Sunday Closing for Theaters.

The managers of the city's theaters are, for the first time within memory, thoroughly organized and propose to make a combined attack on what they term the unwarranted assumption of the Rev. Mr. Ireland—he calls himself a reformed actor—Mr. Arthur Letts, proprietor of the Broadway Department Store, and other well-meaning but evidently misinformed gentlemen who are taking active steps looking toward the closing of theaters on Sunday. The managers have ascertained that Mr. Ireland and his financial backers have the idea that the actor is an overworked individual, that he does not know how or does not care to protect his own physical welfare and in consequence they are called upon by some sort of divine right to attend to this business for him. There have been a number of meetings held at which the closing of the theaters was the foremost topic handled by the speakers, and already a large number of persons are engaged in the work of securing signers to petitions that are to be presented to the City Council.

These petitions set forth that the actor is a muchly overworked person, that he needs a day of rest each week, and that Sunday is the day he ought to have to himself. These petitions are being rather generously signed for the reason that the average individual will sign a petition for anything, just so long as the attaching of his name to the list does not incur any financial liability on his or her part.

The managers are getting ready to counteract these petitions by petitions from every actor, musician, or other person employed in every theater in the city. The actors' petitions to the council will claim that they are not overworked; that their condition is perfectly satisfactory to themselves; that in event of their being compelled to do more work than they think they are capable of, they believe themselves fully able to attend to their own grievances; and finally any councilmanic or other legislation that will close the theaters on Sundays will only bring to the actors and other theatrical employes a cut in salary and also additional labor in the form of all day and Sunday evening rehearsals which they do not now have. It should be borne in mind that the employes of theaters do not receive any remuneration when rehearsing. The musicians and stage hand's unions have taken up this matter very vigorously and the matter, when it reaches the council, will have the attention of every labor organization in the city. Speaking on behalf of the managers' association, one of the directors of a local playhouse said: "The movement is actually becoming a serious proposition, for men with the business standing of Arthur Letts and others are the influential sponsors behind the movement. Many people are attaching their signatures to the petitions without stopping to consider what closing the theaters would do. In the first place, it would certainly not make the work of the actors any easier. Not a

theater in this city has a rehearsal on Sundays. But if the playhouses were to be closed, every actor musician and stage hand would be compelled to spend the afternoon and evenings of every Sunday at rehearsals and, of course, this would mean that they would have extra work with a cut in salaries. So far as can be ascertained, neither Mr. Letts nor Mr. Ireland—you know when Ireland cannot free herself she can raise a great rumpus freeing everything else in America—has ever approached an actor in this city to ascertain if he is overworked. It wouldn't be such a bad idea if these well-meaning gentlemen who have the welfare of the actors so much at heart would turn their attention to Mr. Letts's own underpaid and over-worked employes, for I understand there is a hard and fast rule that prohibits any girl from sitting down during the hours of her employment in Letts's store. Certainly an underpaid girl, who, at the best, doesn't receive more than ten dollars a week is in greater need of attention than an actress who receives seventy-five dollars a week, who works about five hours a day at the very outside and who has a full paid week's rest about one week in every four. Mr. Letts would certainly feel justly aggrieved were we managers to enter a protest against his overworked clerks, don't you think, and who knows but what we might start a little petition ourselves to provide for a suitable portion of rest for the employes of his own store?"

On the Stage and Off

By GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

The production of *The Little Minister* by the Morosco Stock Company this week comes in the nature of a pleasing surprise. It is not only well staged, which might be expected, but well acted, which was not a foregone conclusion. The heaviest part of the work rests, of course, upon the shoulders of Mr. Frawley and Miss Hall, as the clergyman and the masquerading little lady respectively. Mr. Frawley, while not exhibiting any particular emotional power, is adequate to the character he assumes and his deficiencies, such as they

are, drift into insignificance when the sparkling work of Miss Hall as the Lady Babbie is continually in evidence to cover them up. Miss Hall, as an actress, is governed by moods, and when she has a character that she thoroughly likes, as in this case, her performance at once loses the mechanical method of interpretation and the metallic tones that characterize her efforts when cast in uncongenial lines. Her Lady Babbie is warm and sympathetic, delightful for its spontaneity, its archness, and above all for its naturalness.

She seems to have made a study of the role in all its aspects and depicts the mischief-loving, reckless girl indulging her love of adventure without a thought of serious consequences, and the transition to the development of the love interest and the change from girlhood to womanhood in a manner that is at once unconventional and charming in its sincerity.

As might be expected, the peculiar Scottish atmosphere is not well sustained. The dialect of Thrums is not an agreed quantity and the characters do not all sustain the good intentions with which they begin their lines, although none of the Scotch people are quite

BELASCO THEATER Belasco, Mayer & Co. Proprietors.

Main 3380, Main St. bet. Third & Fourth. Phones, Home 267

Last Times Saturday and Sunday of

"The CHARITY BALL."

Next week commencing Monday

Blanche Stoddard in Maxine Elliott's success

"Her Own Way."

Reappearance of Lewis Stone and Richard Vivian.

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Sixth and Main Sts. Phones 1270

Last Times Saturday of

"The LITTLE MINISTER."

Next week beginning Sunday afternoon

WM. GILLETTE'S TRIUMPH

"Sherlock Holmes."

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

ORPHEUM THEATER SPRING STREET, Bet. Second & Third Both Phones 1447**ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE.**

Week Commencing Monday Eve., Aug. 12.

Frank—Seymour & Hill—Emma

Billy Gaston & Ethel Green

John W. World & Mindell Dreyfus Kingston

5 Musical Byrons

The Stunning Grenadiers

Roberts, Hayes & Roberts

Les Jardy

Orpheum Motion Pictures

James Neill & Edythe Chapman Neill.

Matinees Daily Except Monday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE THE FAMILY THEATER

Main Street Between First and Second. Main 1967 Phones Home A 5137

Week Commencing Sunday, Aug. 11.

THE ULRICH STOCK COMPANY

Presenting

"A Race Across the Continent"

By John Oliver.

This great spectacular melodrama will receive its first production on the Pacific Coast by the Ulrich Stock Company. It is without question the greatest play of its class ever presented.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

so far away from their dialect as is Miss Gilbert in an effort to impart a French accent and manner to the character of the imported waiting maid. Mr. Rutledge is successful as Rob Dow, but looks too clean for the part. The elders of the kirk, headed by Mr. Burton, rather exaggerate the sanctimonious aspect of their characters, a fault which is largely attributable to the author. Mr. Beasley makes a good Lord Rintoul, and Mr. Mestayer is thoroughly American as the handsome English soldier who expects to marry Lord Rintoul's daughter. The story of the play is ended just at its most interesting point. One wonders what might happen if it were pursued so as to show the adventures of the ill-assorted couple in their new surroundings. But this is where the novelist and the dramatist of average power have the best of the argument. We are simply left to suppose that "they lived happy ever afterwards," and the hero and heroine are to walk hand in hand down the long vista of time, billing and cooing until they pass out of sight. Very pretty and quite idyllic, that being the term most in use, but in no sense a reflection of life as it is.

There is a point, easily reached, where alleged fun ceases to be amusing. Of all forms of humor, the pun, or play upon words, is the most facile. In private life the punster is tolerated, provided he is not too persevering, because after all his sallies are sometimes witty, and he is often the cause of wit in others. But the essence of humor is its freshness, its aptness and above all its quickness. A prepared pun, carefully led up to, and afterward put in cold storage for future use, is at once reduced to the lowest stage of debilitated humor; it becomes, in fact, putrescent, and its maker and user should not be allowed in respectable society, where bridge whist is the chief amusement and gossip the food of the mind.

The art of the pun really died with Thomas Hood who pursued it so inveterately that he ran it, like himself, to an early grave. The punsters of his period, and he had many imitators, used italics to point out to their readers that a play upon words was intended. Excepting in a few instances where it is still practiced upon the stage or found in sporadic forms in ephemeral literature, the pun, as a genuine laugh producer, is as dead as Julius Caesar. Nothing of it survives, except its italics.

Mr. Ezra Kendall, now at the Mason Opera House, is one of the few surviving punsters who try to make a living at it. He apparently succeeds, so far as the living is concerned, for there are still some people who can roll around in their seats and cackle their enjoyment of this mildewed form of humor. Mr. Kendall made some reputation on the vaudeville stage in a monologue of the allotted length, but his ambition seems now to lead him to think that the talk that was a success for fifteen minutes would be ten times more brilliant and ten times more appreciated if spun out for a whole evening. The trouble with Mr. Kendall is that he does not know when to leave off and he even talks interminably to his audiences between acts. His alleged play, with its slangy, meaningless title, is a monologue with the addition of a certain number of automatic figures which act as feeders to the speaker of the evening. If the people who surround him were really actors, they might be pitied in having to sacrifice their art at the shrine of Mammon, but the pangs of sympathy may be stayed, for Mr. Kendall's people have no art to sacrifice. The only figures that approach to real humor for a few minutes are the long

legged rustic and his sun-flower bride in her wedding dress, and this pair is an evident steal from *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Mr. Kendall belongs to the variety stage where his decadent form of humor without wit will find toleration and applause. His intrusion upon the boards of a first class playhouse is unjustifiable, and is further aggravated by the studied vulgarity of some of the dialogue.

By Florence A. Dobinson.

Much of interest has been said of the play *The Charity Ball* at the Belasco theater this week and the present reviewer begs permission to endorse many of the things that have been expressed through the medium of the daily press as relating to the play itself. No performance could be uninteresting in the hands of the Belasco Company, but the wish is strong that material more worthy might be provided for this intelligent body of players. Truly we have outgrown *The Charity Ball*. Not even the four artists in the great scene in the third act with Mr. Bosworth's splendid poise in evidence could quite convince.

The present performance is quite significant as marking Miss Lillian Albertson's last appearance in Los Angeles for the present, and for Mr. Bosworth's presence in the cast—the latter is always a cause for congratulation.

And so the little white lady is going, and why?—we ask. Perhaps the answer is, "Nothing lasts." But we do not want her to go. She has nestled close, close to the woman heart of us. She has found the key to the side door of the heart, Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks of, and we would lock her in if we might. The praise of the nobler sex, the stern judges of beauty, politics and mint juleps, I am told, may not be relied upon, and is easily gained; but from the hour Miss Albertson came among us in her maid's dress and white apron, the red brown hair wound about her shapely head, her please-like-me eyes looking out, over and away from and finally into, all those new faces, the women have loved her, wept with her and for her, laughed at her and to her, from day to day, as they met as friends. Neither skill nor experience gain that place in the heart of the feminine audience unless the actress possesses that sister, mother, sweetheart something that God placed there long, long before Mr. Belasco discovered the actress. With Miss Albertson, mentality dominates always. Witness her portrayal of Mrs. Dane, showing also that the fervor and warmth of womanly emotion is not lacking in her composition. That her interpretation will be marred by an emotional display not governed by mental poise is never feared. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that her last appearance is not in a character of more importance, but we have the memory of all those others—

MASON OPERA HOUSE H. C. WYATT Lessee and Manager**DARK**

Angela, Candida, Sue, and the sprightly, bubbling Lady Ursula, of which no critic, young or old voiced any but an enthusiastic approval. Then we have her Mrs. Dane—to be remembered as proving that the young lady is fitted mentally and by temperament to interpret a great role some day. We thought we knew her style before this performance, but it proved that beneath the sweet optimism of her work lies a power that will tell mightily in the years to come.

The Neills received a warm welcome at the Orpheum Monday night in a little sketch, *The Lady Across the Hall*. The little play is refreshing in that it has no trace of the murkiness of most vaudeville productions; its characters are refined, its plot fairly plausible, its actors more than acceptable. Edythe Chapman has become Edythe Chapman Neill since she last played at the Burbank and has lost none of the talent and sweetness that made her a favorite here. Mr. Neill was seemingly rather frightened at the ovation he received but managed a grateful "Thank you." He makes love to his wife as if he meant it—also a refreshing rarity on the stage. Reginald Travers in a small part adds to the general good effect.

Benjamin Chapin's impersonation of Lincoln lacks an indefinable something—a quiet strength that has always been associated with the gaunt president. The play, *The White House*, is near-melodrama, which perhaps affects Mr. Chapin's portrayal. The support is very good.

The Stunning Grenadiers are startling as well as stunning; in fact, they affect but little more drapery than did the bathing beauty. Meredith Meredro is billed as the American prima donna—but her tremolo voice shows

no apparent reason for this title. Maude Corbett, a piquant English comedienne, who appears to be English, is far more acceptable to the audience.

Vaudeville audiences delight in seeing the other getting the worst of it, which is perhaps the reason why Willard Simms reduces them into convulsions. Mr. Simms enters into his work with whole-souled zest, receiving various bumps, taking numerous falls, and plastering himself with paste from head to foot.

Robert, Hayes and Robert, in *The Cowboy, the Swell and the Lady*, begin badly but end with a dash and spirit that makes up for their former mediocrity. Muller, Chunn and Mueller present one of the best hoop rolling sketches that has appeared on the local stage, and Les Jardy, French equilibrists, deserve more than a line for their excellent work. All in all, the bill is one of the best balanced that has been presented for many a day.

Belasco's—The re-appearance of Lewis Stone and "Dick" Vivian will be hailed with delight by the habitués of the Belasco. This week also marks the first appearance of Miss Blanche Stoddard, the new leading woman, and Henry Falk, who will share juveniles with Vivian. Maxine Elliott's great success, *Her Own Way*, will hold the boards, with Miss Stoddard in the leading part.

Morosco's—*Sherlock Holmes*, that favorite character of play and story, with T. Daniel Frawley in the name part, will be revived the coming week. When presented at the Burbank last year *Sherlock Holmes* ran for two weeks.

Orpheum—Frank Seymour and Emma Hill who rank with America's foremost comedy acrobats, will appear Monday evening in a

clever and popular diversion which they call "The Mix and the Mixer." John World and Mindel Dreyfus Kingston will reappear at the Orpheum next week after a long absence. Both are deservedly popular and will be cordially welcomed. Mr. World is a clever and versatile comedian who excels in tramp roles, and Miss Kensington, a chic soubrette, who sings and dances with rare ability. The Five Musical Byrons are "cullud gemmen," who play a wide variety of musical instruments with skill and abandon. Billy Gasto and Ethel Green were billed to appear here this week, but the popular demand for these clever entertainers led to their retention in San Francisco for a third week. Their "Bits of Musical Comedy" is admitted to be one of the best vaudeville offerings of the present season, and will prove an attractive feature of next week's program. The numbers retained from this week are The Neills in a new act, Roberts, Hays and Roberts and Les Jardy.

Grand—For the week commencing with next Sunday's matinee the Ulrich Stock Company at the Grand Operahouse will present *A Race Across the Continent*, a drama of adventure whose plot was apparently suggested by one of Jules Verne's classic romances. *A Race Across the Continent* pictures scenes all the way from Nome in Alaska to New York. Sylvia Crane is the central figure. She has gone to Alaska with her brother, a pioneer prospector; while there learns of a fortune left her years before by a relative in New York. This bequest must be claimed within a stated period or it passes to another heir. The time has almost elapsed. The play describes her race with time and the obstacles placed in her way by the other claimants, all of which are successfully overcome.

In the Musical World

No collection of individuals ever enjoyed the privileges and pleasures of Catalina as did the Choir boys of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, who have just returned from their vacation. This is the second annual outing at Catalina, and was enjoyed, if it were possible, even more than last year. The manly behavior of the choir boys has won for them many friends and admirers. The boys earn the necessary funds to defray the expenses of this enterprise through the medium of concerts which they give. This year two programs were performed at the Long Beach Auditorium, in conjunction with the Royal Italian Band and one concert in Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles. The high order of the music as well as the spirit and proficiency of this organization received the warmest praise and commendation of the newspaper reviews. On the morning of July 8 this band of American hopes left Los Angeles in great glee for their outing, under their care of their director, Mr. Ernest Douglas. The trip was made without incident and Avalon reached in time for mid-day dinner. The camp was a part of the Columbia Camp, within a stone's throw of the bay and opposite the clubhouse. There were three tent houses comfortably and compactly furnished. A captain was appointed for each tent who had charge of the boys assigned to his care, and St. Paul's pennant flew over Cozy Corner, the headquarters. The hours of the day were all carefully apportioned, so as to get as much fun as possible, and never were days so filled

before. There was a plunge in the ocean before breakfast; games, fishing, boating and mountain climbing until dinner time. At three all went in for a good long swim. The boys who could already swim became more proficient, and those who could not were in many cases taught the art in a short time for the numbers gave courage and assured assistance in accidents.

One day a tramp of fifteen or twenty miles was made over the island, following a trail that led most of the distance on the ridge of the mountains, revealing the charms of the shores and the great ocean in all directions. A point in Old Mexico was in view to the naked eye as well as the mighty Sierra Madres and San Gabriel range.

A boat race was instigated one afternoon in which each boy was given an opportunity to show his skill at the oars. The ridiculous exhibitions of this race will long furnish many a hearty laugh in the boys' reminiscences. The world renowned submarine gardens provided endless wonders for the lads. A launch trip to the famous fishing grounds off Seal Rocks, where the great tunas and jewfish are caught, thence back to Moonstone Beach and Camp Whittier, where the Y. M. C. A. boys camp each year, was a fitting climax to the perpetual round of pleasure.

Through the kindness of the authorities the boys had access to the fine aquarium and trip on the Island Mountain Railway. A mile to the east along the shore the boys found a suitable ball ground at what is known as Pebbly

Beach. This was reached by means of the shore road or by boats. Fishing is prime sport, as all know, at Avalon, and it was indulged in by big and little. The boys furnished their kitchen with fish and brought in great yellow-tail, small perch, sea bass and flying fish. The golf links, wireless telegraph station, and the fine Catalina Island band that delighted Avalonians every night and the excitement of the boat landings were additional attractions. The last evening of the outing the boys appeared in front of their tents, dressed in their uniforms, and sang a number of compositions to a large and appreciative audience, for their clear voices were heard a mile distant on the hillside. The choir boys left the beautiful harbor on Saturday, July 13, with many regrets and were seen in their accustomed places next morning in the vestments of the church. In their work as in their play the boys are taught the value of team-work, and as concerted force is superior to individual effort so is their fun augmented a hundred fold by playing all together the same game at the same time.

A recent dispatch from Rome says: "Little has yet been done toward the reform of church music ordered by the Pope three years ago. The dignified strains of the Gregorian chant and the classic polyphony have not yet entirely supplanted the music of a mundane character. In all the churches of Rome except St. Peter's and the great basilicas, the Pope's orders are often violated, and the Roman commission on church music is evidently powerless to

prevent such violations. A congress on church music held recently at Padua for the region of Venice was attended by four bishops, including the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. The proceedings were characterized by a spirit of obedience to the teachings of the Pope, but no practical results seem to have come from them. It is proposed that the faithful should take an active part in the liturgical chant. Don Perosi approved this proposal to such an extent that he wrote to the congress urging the participation of the faithful in singing the "credo" and suggesting that

alternate verses of it should be sung as a plain chant by the faithful. On the feast of St. Paul the innovation was tried in Rome but most likely it will not be repeated until the congregations have been instructed in the plain chant by the choir master. The task is a difficult one and will require time. The congress also attempted to solve the controversy concerning the rhythmical signs introduced into the Gregorian editions published by the Benedictines of the Solesmes which were forbidden by the Rome commission. After a discussion of the matter the congress decided that such signs were not to be added to the Gregorian editions published by the Vatican but that they could be introduced and added to other editions published with the object of helping singers, provided that it appears clearly that the signs were added for the convenience and help of the choir. Until a few days ago it was believed that the declarations of the congress represented the thought of the Pope and that therefore the dispute over rhythmical signs had been closed, but the *Osservatore Romano* now publishes an official note recalling a law on the subject which prohibits adding to, subtracting from or changing anything whatever in the decree of the congregation of rights of August 14, 1905, and prohibits as well any publisher from introducing the Solesmes signs in the reproductions of the Vatican edition. Besides, the decree of February 14, 1906, enacts that such signs cannot be tolerated unless they do not alter in form the corresponding notes of the Vatican edition. The intention of the congregation of rights is to unify the different editions and have one edition, that of the Vatican, for all churches. But such a radical change cannot take place at once. It must be done gradually. Meanwhile the reform of the church music is held in abeyance.

An event in musical circles will occur October 24, when a string orchestra will give a concert in Temple Auditorium. The orchestra is composed of a hundred and fifty guitars, mandolins and banjos, and under the direction of C. E. De Lano will present selections from Tannhauser. The soloists are Mrs. Fanny Fern Burford, mandolin; Mr. C. S. De Lano, guitar, and Miss Ethel Lucretia Oleott, guitar.

Seasonable and gratis hints for press agents: "Great," "greatest," "most eminent," "distinguished," "favorite," "unapproachable," "world renowned," "famous," "popular," "illustrious," "brilliant," "peerless," "dazzling," "irresistible," "paroxysmal applause," "demonstrations of delirious delight," "accorded an ovation," "the house rose," "unexampled series of triumphs," and "zenith of his (or her) career."—*Musical Courier*.

A High Grade "Inside" Player - Piano for \$490

As a special leader we are offering a well-made, splendidly toned inside player-piano for \$490—an upright piano with the self-playing device inside the case—playable with the hands in the usual way, or by means of the mechanism and perforated music rolls. This instrument is as good as many offered at \$750. Our price, for a few days, is \$490—and free music is supplied with the instrument. Come in and hear this piano and let us talk terms to you.

GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.

Steinway, Cecilian & Victor Dealers

345 - 347 South Spring St.

W. H. MEAD - Practical Instruction

Teacher of the Flute and Director of Orchestral Societies, Flutist Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra Eight Years. Director First Congregational Church Orchestra Ten Years.

Studio 306 Blanchard Bldg.

Los Angeles

Mr. Ernest Douglas

Organ and Composition

Mr. Douglas has recently installed in his Studio at St. Paul's, (523 South Olive St.) a fine modern Two-Manual Pipe-organ (electric motor) which he places at the disposal of Organ Students.

HAMILTON PIANOS ORGANS



MEDAILLE
D'ARGENT
PARIS, 1900

The Hamilton Piano is a superior instrument of distinctive character.

Factory Prices - Terms to Suit

D. H. BALDWIN & CO.

The Auditorium

431 W. Fifth

Verdi School of Singing. (Signor Buzzi, director.) SUMMER RATES

A new department for beginners at very reasonable rates has been opened in this school, where an assistant who has been trained for two years by Sig. Buzzi for this very purpose, will impart the first rudiments of the art of singing under the personal supervision of Sig. Buzzi. This has been done for the purpose of helping Music lovers whose means prohibit the usual terms for advanced pupils.

Ask for terms 705 Westlake Ave.
Phones Home E 1030 Sunset Temple 823

DOMENICO RUSSO

(The Tenor)

1946 Park Grove Avenue

Voice Culture and Study of Grand Opera

Phone Home 24661 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

CHARLES E. PEMBERTON

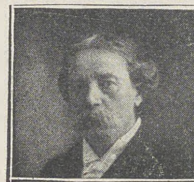
VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR

Harmony and Counterpoint. Harmony taught by mail. Classes or individual lessons.

Studio 306-7 Blanchard Building, Los Angeles

GEORGE A. DOBINSON

INSTRUCTOR
IN DRAMATIC ART



Principal

DOBINSON SCHOOL
OF EXPRESSION

1044 South Hope Street

BLANCHARD HALL BUILDING

Devoted Exclusively to Music, Art, Science.
New Addition of Eighty Studios Just Completed.
Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. For Terms and all information apply to F. W. Blanchard
233 So. B'way. 232 So. Hill St, Los Angeles, Cal.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

It is sadly deplorable that the greatest American sculptor, Augustus Saint Gaudens, has passed away into the great unknown, after an illness which began a year ago. His splendid work will now be all the more endeared to the people who have loved and honored him during the years agone, and the mind naturally reverts to many examples of his superb sculpture. His equestrian *Sherman* monument at the entrance to Central Park, New York City, will stand for all time unsur-

passed, and his high relief monument of Colonel Shaw, leading his colored troops, which stands at the head of Boston Common, will never be excelled for its beauty, force and conception. His other prominent statues are: *Lincoln*, at the entrance to Lincoln Park, Chicago—a great masterpiece; the *Farragut* monument, corner of Madison Square and Fifth avenue, which shows the master's keen insight to every detail of his subject and the exhaustive study with which he undertook his work. No one who examines this statue will fail to recognize

the peculiar movement of the naval figure, the inexplicable swing that all seamen have and which is so thoroughly caught and rendered in this ideal monument. His figure of *Governor Randall*, for Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, is another fine conception and is carried out in his usual perfect manner. *The Puritan*, in Springfield, Mass., is a monument full of dignity and strength while the equestrian statue of *General Logan*, in Chicago, is a fine spirited statue. His figure, *Peace of God*, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington,

is perhaps the most poetical of all his works, showing the depths of his fine soul nature. For classical beauty his caryatides to a mantelpiece in William K. Vanderbilt's residence in New York, and his angels on the Governor Morgan tomb, are splendid examples. As a sculptor who thoroughly understood and exemplified classics in sculpture, none have approached him or perhaps ever will. He was always an ardent student of the highest type of Greek sculpture, with also a great admiration for the Early Italian Renaissance. This was clearly shown in all his bas relief work, which was considerable; and no sculptor has equalled him in this particular line, though he has had many followers both here and in France, and we can safely say that he was one of all men, who created the new feeling for this branch of art. In the first public figure he ever made in America, the figure of *Silence*, standing at the head of the stairs to the entrance of the Masonic Building, corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York City, we have a beautiful conception, an idea perfect in all its academic poise and achievement, and though his later work has more subtle feeling from the finished master's hand, still, with all this, *Silence* stands today a statue that many sculptors cannot reach, either from ideal conception or detail of finish.

Having had the good fortune and great pleasure to work with Mr. Saint Gaudens for some time and to know him as a man, the writer mourns not only the artist but a friend of exceptional sterling qualities, for Augustus Saint Gaudens as a great man was not secondary to the great sculptor, and some of his masterpieces were those silent helping hands to poor students, his pupils, and those who helped him with his work in the strenuous years of his own struggles for recognition. As a friend to the poor student and a man for true nobility of character, none could surpass him. Life is great. Art is itself nothing. It is but the wake of a great soul—the means whereby we may trace the flight of a great mind through our sky and watch its trail long after it has passed beyond our horizon. What counts is not the achievement, but the effort to achieve. No artist ever attains the end toward which he aims, for the effort serves only to attain what was seen, but at the same time to produce a greater power of vision—an increase of spiritual insight and capacity. It is not so much the thing done by you as what the doing of it does for you.

It is somewhat strange that though the field of painters in Southern California is well filled with good exponents of the brush, it is replete with only two distinct branches; that of the landscape painter and the portraitist; but in the field of mural decorative painting we have not one, and yet both the above complain that they do not find ready patrons and this on the fact that all the old painters to which nearly every artist looks with reverence and inspiration were mural painters, and took up the work in every style and were profound masters in each phase, such as fresco, water-glass, tempera, spirit fresco, oil painting on plaster, or the working out of a large subject in mosaic, or in the decorative Gesso work that has existed for centuries, a method which combines the sculptor's and the painter's art, a perfect mingling of both. Perhaps in modern times Walter Crane was the best representative of this very decorative method. It would be well for some of the artists here to turn their attention to mural work and give us historical records of this great continent. There is such a wealth of subjects, from the landing of the early settlers who dwelt with

the many tribes of Indians both east and west, through the interesting events down to the present time. Nothing could be more picturesque or gorgeous than these themes, giving the painter wonderful scope in color effects and composition, with splendid landscape backgrounds and brilliant costumes, resplendent in their magnificence. We have recently had three painters in the east who have done good work in this direction for the Harrisburg capitol, two of which are residents and all natives of this state, the work being justly confined to such. The three were E. A. Abbey, who, though of Philadelphia, now lives in England, and is no doubt the strongest and ablest mural painter of America, though Sargent, John Le Farge and Bashfield are very close seconds. But the two who, for the present, will interest us most are Violet Oakley and W. B. Van Ingen who, we can safely say, rank well with the above in power of conception and that keen knowledge so requisite in the portrayal of all faithful and true historic records. There is something of far greater interest to the mural painter than the mere interpretation of nature, with all her mysterious lights and shades and suffusions of color. The painter of portraits or landscapes is apt to forget all else in the concentration of these, but to the mural painter there must be something more to give general interest outside of the interpretation of technical and art qualities, and as the great Elihu Vedder has well said, "I want to influence the man who looks at it. I don't care whether its like nature or not; I want to throw you into a mood of mind." It is the narrative of the dramatic subject which must hold you. It was this that inspired the Romans, Venetians and Florentines to thoughts above that of the moment, they painted epics without adhering to realism. It is greatly due to the three above mentioned Pennsylvania painters that mural work has been carried away from the tiresome allegorical interpretations of Justice, Peace, *et cetera*. Perhaps the greatest artist in this direction was Puvion de Chavannes and notwithstanding his greatness as a decorator one becomes weary of the symbolic subjects as we certainly are when we study the great hemicycle in the Sorbonne. Miss Oakley has done some wonderful work in mural painting for New York. Her last achievement, a six foot frieze for the governor's reception room in the Harrisburg Capitol, certainly ranks her first in line with the present day painters. To see and become acquainted with her work, our first impression is that it must have been executed by a veritable Michael Angelo in physique, but on the contrary Miss Oakley is quite petite but embodying the force and energy in the spirit of her work with a vast storehouse of knowledge that is surprising and it gives us so much pleasure to see her work with her strong corps of assistants and it makes us wonder why so many young women go abroad when we have such strong masters right here in our own country. But perhaps like all other fads, it is such a send off to be able to say one has been to Paris, London or Italy, no matter how little you know or can do.

With Mr. Van Ingen we have another painter of strong narrative powers and the history of Pennsylvania, which was founded in 1682, has been rich in the possibilities for such rendering which the painter has strongly felt and depicted through all his lunette panels beneath the vaulted ceilings of the State Capitol. To artists and the art loving public it will prove a trip of immense interest to visit these modern productions in mural paintings.

In the ceramic arts it was decidedly refresh-

ing to find such original and exceptionally good work in the exhibition just closed in Chicago, which also included that of the National League of Mineral Painters. Many exquisite pieces of pottery were shown. That which gave the greatest interest was in purely conventional design, nearly all showing great talent and by those who had evidently studied conventional art thoroughly, both from its theoretical rules and its general motif. This, as we have said before, is a long hard study, and those who expect to pick up a printed plate and apply it in any haphazard way, must necessarily look for dire pitfalls, but no decoration is so beautiful as the purely conventional when thoroughly understood, and this style coupled with the beautiful lustres, is especially rich and handsome.

Perhaps the strides of development of decorated pottery in Los Angeles is no better shown than by the recent amalgamation of the Railsback Studio and the Claremore Art Studio, formerly of Ivanhoe Station. These leaders in pottery and its decoration have done much to bring out and uphold this art, which has been much scoffed at by those who have not seen it in its true light. These energetic and hard-working pioneers have joined hands, believing that in the force and strength of unity and have opened the Railsback-Claremore Studios, 317 South Hill street, where everything in the white pottery line can be obtained or special orders taken for its decoration. They represent every well-known maker of French, German, English and American white ware, so that the most fastidious can be supplied at once, with the opportunity of choosing from a very large stock, and also with all materials necessary for the decoration, but this is only an item for the convenience of Los Angelenos. The great aim is to establish here such a pottery development as will become famously known for its perfection and beauty and to create a fixed center for such work with facilities extensive enough to supply the great west coast with superior articles and decorated sets of china such as many send for to similar establishments in the east. In order to do this they have employed a large staff of artists to execute the work and specialists in each branch of the decorating. They will have three or four up-to-date kilns going day and night so that every artist can have his work burnt without delay.

One of the exhibitions to be looked forward to in the early fall will be that of William Swift Daniell who has been sketching along the south coast during the summer and who, with his family, will later leave for Europe where he will spend several years in study.

We regret to lose Rob Wagner, who has returned to Santa Barbara; Leonard Lester, who will go elsewhere for an indefinite period; and George Gardner Simon, who will shortly leave California for the east, thence to Europe.

William Wendt, Benjamin Brown, J. W. Nicoll and Carl Oscar Borg are again in their several studios after the summer's sketching.

It is not a great while ago that it first became publically known that an old house on Worthen street, Lowell, Mass., was the birthplace of Whistler. Now, that same old house has become the property of the Lowell Art Association and is intended for permanent art use and a memorial gallery. Though it cannot be said that this would greatly please the shade of the great artist, it is still to the credit of Lowell.

Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Well here we are back again in the land of sunshine and mighty pleasant it is to be where the sun shines more than two minutes a day, where the wind does not threaten to take you off your feet at every street corner and the dust blind you at the same time; where you can get on a street car and have reasonable expectations of getting a mile away within half an hour; where the streets are paved and the cobble stones are not there to jolt you out of the tonneau—yes, it was worth a trip up north for the mere satisfaction of getting home again.

I cannot say with any truth that this column of mine ever contains any real automobile news, but I am up against it worse than ever this week. From the day I wrote my last week's copy I have hardly seen an auto, far less called on any dealers, but I am told by the Ogre that I can go ahead and write anything I like, as long as I get my dope in to Ralph on time; therefore I must fall back on a mere recital of my adventures in San Francisco and talk more of yachts than ever.

The expected "ragging" from the other members of the crew reached me in good order, but it took the form of wordy sarcasm instead of direct invective and I flatter myself that

I was quite able to hold my own; in fact, the other side got rather the worst of it. I changed my clothes and went aboard to help finish bending the sails on, then we all went ashore and prepared to climb the hill to our boarding house. Here was where they got even with me. I had two heavy suit cases and a sail sack full of old clothes and other dunnage. We had to climb a very steep path leading up the side of the hill to a point about four hundred feet above the club house. Then the wretches began to jeer and refused any assistance and, as I toiled up that hill packing that awful load of luggage, the perspiration percolated generously through my pores and those villains taunted me. Oscar was the Good Samaritan and relieved me of my sack and overcoat, for which good deed may the good Lord reward him.

It was worth the climb when we arrived there, however. For quarters we had a little annex of four rooms, perched on the side of the hill and peeping out from a mass of foliage, green and luxuriant from the mists that sweep in from the Golden Gate and crown the hills from dusk till the sun is high the next day. Dinner disclosed the fact that the grub was fully as good as the location was picturesque; in fact everything was as comfortable as possible and the good lady of the house treated us very much as though we were prize poultry to be fattened and fussed over for the show.

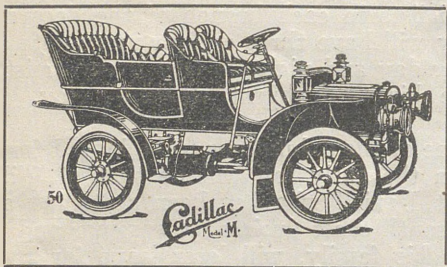
From that time on, with two exceptions, it was practice out on the bay all day and sleep hard all night, so that I had not a single chance to visit auto row on the other side of the bay. I did manage to collect some data about power boats up there which may be of interest to you. San Francisco bay is a law unto itself. There is probably no other place in the world where there is any kind of yachting which has so much wind and such a short choppy sea to contend with. San Franciscans have ordered designs in the east, stating the general conditions and the average rate at which the wind blows but the results have always been unsatisfactory. Sailing boats designed by eastern builders have always had far too much sail and the power boats lack the lines necessary to cope with the tremendous power of the short waves when the tide is ebbing. Therefore all the boats on the bay are a little different from anything you see elsewhere. The most successful design of motor boat used up there is a combination of a gasoline tug and a fast cruiser, yet with it they get much better speed than do boats built on the racing lines in vogue in smoother waters. One of these, the *Lillian*, is an adaption from a Herreshoff design and hammers out eighteen knots an hour quite comfortably in bad weather when boats with the same power but slimmer and more racy lines would be burying their noses and making it necessary to reduce speed. The *Lillian* has a very high freeboard which gives her the appearance of having much less beam than she really has; it is only when you stand on her deck aft and look forward that you appreciate her width amidships. But this beaminess is offset by the purity of her lines from the stem running downwards and aft to her propellers. There is a slight concave in her forward topsides which helps to throw the water back and prevents burying in the seas. The engine is controlled a *la* automobile from the cockpit and the steering gear is so arranged that a man of average height can stand on the cockpit floor and just see over the cabin house comfortably. Clutch

and reverse are worked by the feet and the throttle and spark levers are on the wheel as in any ordinary auto. In these waters she would probably not show speed with craft like the *Daisy* or even the *Presto*, but in any kind of heavy weather she goes skipping gaily along without a thought of slackening of speed.

There are very few high speed engines on the bay. While the automobile steering gear and control is largely used, the engines are mostly of the regular marine type, heavily built and slow speed. They have found that the high speed engine, and especially the two cycle brute is a snare and a delusion in rough water. Even in the little power dingys they use a small union engine. This weighs more than the two cycle engines designed for small boats, but it is very much more reliable and reliability is a *sine qua non* with any kind of a craft that floats on San Francisco bay.

It was not until the Wednesday before the race that I even saw an auto; but on that day I had a ride which more than made up for previous bumpings and shakings on the down town streets. Mr. Stringer, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, invited us over to the Family Club to dinner. He met us at the ferry with a big touring car and I felt very proud of myself when I called the turn and named it a Royal without looking for the sign of the make. In the bigger car I didn't notice the bumps nearly so much as in the smaller Cadillac the week before, especially over the cobble stones, but once off the water front, until we reached the comparative smoothness of Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues, our driver was forced to go very carefully. But once in the park we found ourselves bowling along over well-oiled roads as smooth and level as any in the country. Not knowing San Francisco well, I had no idea that the park extended for such a distance but I had no time to think of that I was too much taken up with the delight of watching the fresh, green foliage as it flashed

This is the "CADILLAC"



The Car that Won the Economy Cup,
at the Lakeside Tourney.

It's a Marvel of Mechanical Skill.
Let Us Show You.

Lee Motor Car Co.

Morgan and Wright Tires
1218-20 South Main Street
Both Phones

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

Paris Auto Station

Full line of Accessories, Repairing, Storage and
Rental.

Denker & Wetterauer

Rental, Stand
429 S. Spring
Home 2502 Main 9291

S. Los Angeles & Tenth
Home 6258
Bdwy. 3925

by us, looking to see what each new vista at every turn would unfold for us and rejoicing in the touch of the fresh ocean breeze, clean and cold with just enough salty tang to let us know that we were near the sea instead of whipping handfuls of hard spray against our faces, as we had been having all day long on the boat.

I think it is the foliage in the park that appeals to me most of all—that and the grass which looks like real turf and not the hand-raised, carefully watered and kept off variety we are used to here. The trees look as though God had put them there and told them to grow and given each one of the angelic host a choice of variety before he planted. Perhaps the variety of foliage is not really so great, but coming from Los Angeles where the only natural looking trees are blue gums and peppers it seemed to me a veritable riot of different shades of green. When we reached the sea-shore and turned off toward the Cliff House the sun was still well above the horizon although it was half past six. The sky was clear for a change and the slant of the sunlight made a pathway of silver sheen across the ocean back to the home of the little dwarf who holds the key to the door of the Rainbow Stairs. Garish windmills and staring villas, interspersed with jerry built road houses to the right of us, took on quite a mild tint in the fading light and persuaded themselves that they were really picturesque and I, for one, was fain to agree with them for a time even if I did know that I was fooling myself. The heads to the northwestward of the Golden Gate were taking on their nightcaps of mist and then I knew whence came the name, for the setting sun tinted them with a coloring of pure gold and the bare, bleak cliffs were for a time the gilded walls beyond the gate to fairyland.

It was all very good and, as I have so often done before, I wished for the something which enables a man to describe these things. (Keep on wishing till you die, that's all the good it will do you—R.) The glamour faded when we stopped for a pre-prandial high ball, although I am not saying that it was not very welcome, for we had no overcoats and the wind was not exactly balmy. Then back again through the park, looking more enchanting than ever in the dwindling twilight that hid all imperfections. After dinner everybody talked yacht and yacht races for some time, but I drifted off into auto conversation with two or three owners. Here is where I got the other side of the question, an impartial view of the auto situation from a purchaser's point of view. These men were all wealthy business men—that is, successful business men—actively engaged in the handling of money and one of them particularly was in a good position to understand the financial end of the auto business. From him I gathered that there is much glitter but not all gold. Some of the dealers are having quite a hard time of it. They are being asked for time on the payments of machines and are granting it—not always too wisely. Meanwhile expenses are going on just the same, other men's notes are not always good collateral at the bank and there is a possibility of embarrassment for some of the dealers. This is the case with only a minority, however, and they may pull through comfortably as the general stringency due to excessive building operations, becomes relieved.

San Francisco is not much of a place for cheap machines. The autoists of the city have learned that they must have a high grade car to stand the racket. This is so much so that many of the prosperous business men refuse to own machines but pay at the

NO WAITING—IT IS AT YOUR IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

The PIERCE-RACINE

4=Cylinder==40 H. P. Tourer.

EQUIPMENT COMPLETE \$2,750

INVESTIGATE AT ONCE. IT WILL PAY YOU. OUR ALLOTMENT IS NEARLY ALL SOLD.

The Pierce-Racine Motor Co.
1048 SOUTH MAIN ST.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED

our 1907-08 Catalog of Automobile Supplies and Accessories. This is the most complete catalog of its kind issued on the coast
Cheerfully mailed upon application.

E. A. Featherstone Co.

1018 So. Main St., Los Angeles

POPE-HARTFORD gets perfect Score and wins the Economy Cup in the Lakeside Endurance Run making an average of $21\frac{76}{100}$ miles to a gallon of gasoline

The Incomparable WHITE

Gets perfect score and carries seven passengers and 350 pounds of baggage to Lakeside and return without a single adjustment.
Driven by a man who is handling his first car.

H. D. RYUS,
Manager

WHITE GARAGE

WM. R. RUESS
Sales Manager

712 S. Broadway. Both Phones

AUTOMOBILISTS OF THE SOUTHWEST SECTION:

No need to take a Lame Car down town

The Golden State Garage

is Fireproof and equipped with every modern device to aid expert mechanics.
Prices Right.

West 482
A 4203

OSCAR WERNER

2122
WEST PICO

TALK IS CHEAP



DELIVERS THE GOODS

REO

Smashed the Los Angeles-
San Diego Record

Date July 24, 1907; Distance 140 miles; Time
hrs., 45 min. Previous Record 7 hrs. 10 min.

IN THE GLIDDEN TOUR

REO was the only two-cylinder car, and the
only car selling for less than \$2500, that
finished with a perfect score.

All claims made for Reo are based on actual
performance. Hot air doesn't make the bubble
wagon go.

Reo Runabouts \$675, \$700

Reo Light Touring Cars \$1400, \$1500

LEON T. SHETTLER

633 South Grand Ave.

F. G. BIERLEIN, Sales Manager.

Home Ex. 167

Sunset Ex. 633

AUTOISTS!

Firestone Tires

Are Made in 3 styles, to-wit: Mechanically
Fastened, Universal (Goodyear Type) and
Clincher. Inspection will convince that Fire-
stone Tires are the Best.

John T. Bill Co.,

Tenth and Main Sts.



Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.

Maxwell Runabout,

Time, 3:03.

Four-cylinder Tourabout,

Time, 2:56 1-5.

The Runabout was one of the latest cars
entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any
car of other makes that finished.

Isn't this the car you want?

WAYNE

Touring Cars and Runabouts.

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California



Motor Car Company of Los Angeles.

A. W. McCready, Jr.

122 E. SIXTH ST.

rather exorbitant rate of \$5 an hour when they
have use for a car, especially those who live
on the other side of the bay. In fact it is
really easier and quicker to take a street car
to the ferry than to thread one's way through
the thick traffic and maze of broken roads and
chuck holes in an auto. For this reason the
liveries are doing a land office business. Their
repair expense is high, but the immense income
more than counteracts this and all the places
where machines are for rent wear an air of
prosperity. In fact when you go into one of
these places you find that most of the machines
on the floor are either being repaired or en-
gaged for a certain time. Five dollars an
hour or fifty dittos a day! My gracious, those
San Franciscans must be making money.

* * * * *

The jealous knocker was to the fore last
week with one of his sinister thrusts. Among
others the Frayer-Miller—on Mr. Knock's
authority—was about to retire from the local
field. This false information, we regret to say
appeared in the *Graphic's* auto summary,
bringing along at a lively clip dire threats from
the hustling and energetic Harold Stone who,
since his short stay here, has had a full measure
of success with the sterling Frayer-Miller.
One of the features in this line was exploited
at some length in last Sunday's Pink, referring
to the speedy righting of a heavy Frayer-
Miller truck after the latter had taken a forty
foot somersault with a four ton load of ore
over a gorge in the Yucca mining district in
Arizona.

Mr. Bob Brain, of the Western Rubber &
Supply Co., softly warbled, "I'm from Missou-
ri," and gave neighbor Harry Olive one of those
piercing, stucco glances on the latter declaring
that he had landed some thirty head down at
Playa del Rey. Br'er Brain just landed one
solitary scion of the finny tribe after ten
hours diversion at Ocean Park so there's
perhaps good reason for Robert's suspicions.

A carload of Pierce-Racines, which includes
a specially constructed runabout arrived early
this week. The latter is a handsome contribu-
tion to the auto world and is destined to create
no end of favorable comment from expert
machinists. Messrs. Ramsay and Pattison
are quite elated at the volume of inquiries
from prospective purchasers.

Mr. John T. Bill has returned leather tanned
after a three weeks' session with ye noble
mountain trout.

More power to the usually mild mannered
Stevens-Duryea, though the following is all
about the rambles of a high tempered, balky
one: "Nothing short of miraculous was the
escape from serious injury or death of a party
of five merry-makers in a big red automobile
which ran headlong into the Playa del Rey
lagoon recently. The machine, which was
a thirty-five horsepower Stevens-Duryea, carri-
ed three women and two men from Los Angeles
to the seashore, reaching the pavilion shortly
after three o'clock in the afternoon. After
a short stop the chauffeur started away along
the boardwalk, upon which the tracks of the
Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad extend. In
some manner the wheels of the machine
jammed between the tracks and held the car
fast for a moment. Then the man at the
wheel began "see-sawing" the machine back
and forth in an effort to get free. Suddenly
the car left the track with a jerk that nearly
threw the occupants out of the tonneau and
the next moment the machine plunged back-
ward down an incline nearly fifteen feet into

STEVENS-DURYEA

Light Six

THE STEVENS-DURYEA will stand more
punishment on muddy, rutty, hilly, sandy,
stony, bumpy, "thank-you-ma'am" roads with-
out breaking, chafing, blowing up or wearing
out tires, cutting out engine bearings, spring-
ing the frame or breaking the springs, than
any four or six-cylinder cars in existence.
Such immunity is worth several hundred dol-
lars to you. It is due entirely to our "Unit
Power Plant" and its "three-point" support.
If you can't see why, get our booklet and let
us show you.

STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Price with-top and lamps,

\$3850

Western Motor Car Co.

DISTRIBUTORS.

415 SOUTH HILL STREET.

Charles E. Anthony, Pres.

Earle C. Anthony, Mgr.

Western Rubber & Supply Co.

—AGENTS FOR—



.. TIRES ..

VULCANIZING

1010 South Main St.

Home F 3998. Sunset Broadway 3336.

Jobbers of Auto Sundries Wholesale & Retail

GOODYEAR

TIRES

SAFE, STRONG AND RELIABLE

W. D. NEWERF

932 South Main Street.

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909

the lagoon where it stuck fast with the rear wheels completely submerged and with the water coming up to the body of the car. Cries of the feminine occupants soon brought assistance. Manager A. L. Searles, of the Beach Land Company, who was in a bathing suit assisted the men in the car to carry the women ashore while a stout hawser was procured by Frank Norris, Capt. Al Green and others. With the assistance of nearly one hundred sightseers, who had witnessed the accident, the machine was finally hauled up the incline to the boardwalk above. It was found that, with the exception of a slight bend in the steering gear, the car had received no injury. Without leaving the names of any of the party, the occupants quickly re-entered the machine and slowly proceeded on their way to Los Angeles by way of Venice."

The Dragon, represented by the Messrs. Holst, is now located at East Ninth and Los Angeles streets where the Haynes with Charlie Seering was wont to reside.

With the Glidden tour, 1907, at an end, it is possible to look back and see certain errors in the rules that will have to be corrected before the tour will be entirely fair to all contestants. Mr. J. D. Maxwell, vice-president of the Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company, in an interview after the tour ended said: "To my mind the tour just ended was as severe as it is necessary to make it. The public does not want a test which is calculated to break machines up. What they want is a contest which approximates actual touring conditions. One thing is certain, and that is that no private owner would ever subject his car to such trying conditions as those which the Gliddenites experienced. One glaring defect has manifested itself in the rules and this undoubtedly will have to be changed before another tour. According to the conditions no car could replace any broken part unless he carried that extra part with him. To show how unfairly this works out I will cite an example of one of our own cars: While running along a bad road, a projecting stone carried away the truss rod from the rear axle. The cost of replacing this rod would have been but 50 cents yet by the conditions of the tour and because we had failed to bring along an extra truss rod, it was necessary to run without it. The expected naturally followed—the axle sagged and the car had to be withdrawn. Now take, for an example, another car which breaks, for instance, an engine. According to the terms of the contest both cars had to be withdrawn. One of them could have been fixed up with a 50 cent repair, while the other repair was out of the question. yet both were penalized the same amount. As a matter of fact the axle on this car was repaired by installing a new truss rod and the car continued as a non-contestant, finishing in New York in good condition. Such little points as these are hard to foresee and it will probably take the experience gained from one or even two more tours to formulate a set of rules that will be entirely fair to all. Personally, I am a great believer in the Glidden Tour. It is a credit to the American automobile industry that as many cars finished as did."

For the first time on record an automobile has been driven to Cloud Cap Inn at an elevation of 7,500 feet on the side of Mount Hood, Oregon. The car was driven by Howard M. Covey and is a 10 horsepower, single cylinder Cadillac. This is the highest point ever attained by an automobile in Oregon.

If you are looking for "Quality"—Investigate America's most reliable Touring Cars.

THE LOGOMOBILE AND THE WINTON

Cars on exhibition in our salesrooms.

Southern California Agency.

Our garage is never closed. Expert Mechanics always in attendance.

Success Automobile Co.

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones

Home 2515

Main 1842

Under New Management!

In the Heart of the Town

Angelus Garage and Machine Co.

Late of National Garage.

Successors to

Angelus Motor Car Co.

110-12-14 East Third St.

Open all night

Storage. Repairing

GLIDDEN TOUR BULLETIN

SCORE 100 PER CENT TO THE GOOD!

The Mitchell easily attains a perfect score in each day of the Glidden Tour (excepting tire troubles one day and stopping another day to save the lives of occupants of a competing car overturned in a canal.)

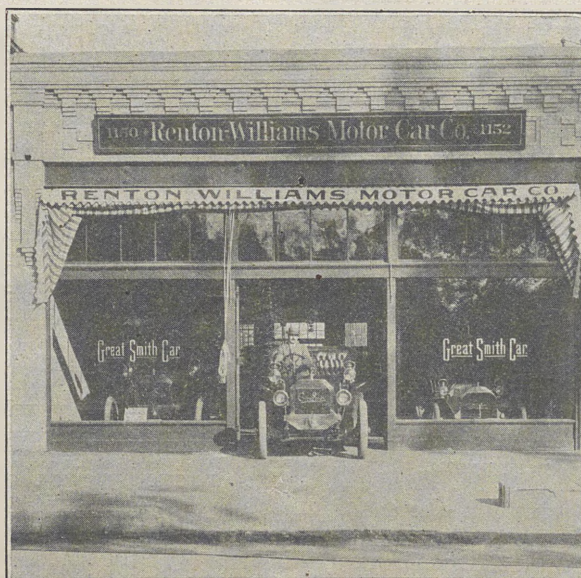
Road conditions that halt and maim cars of high cost, high power and higher claims do not worry the "Show Me" MITCHELL. No car—European or American—ever made a cleaner record or proved so satisfactory on a road tour of any description—even on the famed boulevards of Europe.

The Mitchell carries more weight than any car in the contest, regardless of size and power and price. Not one adjustment has been necessary. The engine runs as easily and relentlessly as the ocean's tide.

GET A MITCHELL FOR DEPENDABILITY AND ALL AROUND SERVICE.
You can have one like it at \$2150, and you can't get a better one under \$3000.

1501 South Main Street.

GREER-ROBBINS CO.



The Great Smith Car

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
CAR OF THE YEAR :-

Sounds Like a Heavy Blast—Maybe

We're Prepared to Prove It
Drop Around and Be Convinced

RENTON & WILLIAMS MOTOR CAR CO.

1150-52 South Main Street

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST IN
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

RESOURCES
\$17,000,000.00

Safe Deposit Boxes
\$2.00 a Year.

Trunks and Packages Stored in Our
Vault at 50c per Month.

Four per cent. Interest
Paid on Term Deposits.

Ask for "Security" Map.

Hellman Bldg., Fourth and Spring.

High Grade Bonds

Municipal School and Corporation
Tax Exempt in California

N. W. Halsey & Co.

Union Trust Bldg. Los Angeles

New York-Philadelphia
Chicago-San Francisco

Home A 1670 B'r'dy 1370 Members Goldfield Stock Exch

Ernest Kennedy & Co.

Mines, Mining Stock &
Real Estate

128 W. Sixth St. Grosse Bldg.

Branch Offices at Goldfield and Manhattan

E. S. TOMBLIN }
C. A. STILSON } Managers

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's, U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones Main 105 A2547

SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

JOHN R. MATTHEWS
President

S. F. ZOMBRO
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

Financial

Owing to unavoidable delay in receipt of official documents from the treasury department at Washington, the consolidation of the old Central Bank and the State Bank and Trust Company will not become effective until August 12, when the two institutions will begin business as the Central National bank. All details for the merger have been arranged and approved. It was planned to make the change on August 1, as previously announced, but the necessary arrangements could not be concluded. Depositors and patrons generally will be given official notification of the exact date of the change. Until August 12 the two banks will continue business separately as heretofore.

Former Bank Commissioner Blackstock has begun his duties as bond officer of the Merchants Trust Company, of Los Angeles.

Work of remodeling the entire ground floor of the Lankershim building, Third and Spring streets, for the Merchants National Bank will begin August 14 and be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. The work involves complete transformation, for the quarters the bank will have under a long lease are now occupied by a meat and fish market, saloon and restaurant. The new banking room will have a frontage of sixty feet on Spring street and eighty feet on Third street. The front, the floor, the walls, the ceiling and all must be made anew with, of course, wholly new and elegant furnishings and a massive vault. It is expected that all the work will progress rapidly, although it is intimated that the congestion of business at the eastern factories may delay somewhat the completion of the steel work of the big strong box. The banking room's equipment will be elegant, substantial and in good taste.

The North Pasadena Bank has opened for business. Of the capital stock of \$100,000, \$25,000 has been paid in and the deposits already reach \$37,000. The bank occupies its own building erected at a cost of \$8,000. The officers of the bank are Willis Eason, president; M. D. Painter, vice-president; C. M. McLean, cashier; and Frank H. Hill, secretary and treasurer. The aforesaid officers and W. H. Gordey, William Dodge and E. R. Mason are directors.

Thomas W. Phillips, for a long time a member of the bond house of the Adams-Phillips Company, has sold his interest in the firm to John B. Miller, president of the Edison Electric Company, and Edward J. Marshall, former vice-president of the Southwestern National Bank, and has retired from active business. Ill health is assigned as the reason for his retirement. The firm will be known as James H. Adams & Company. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Miller have been added to the directorate of the reorganized concern and the board will now consist of seven members, instead of five, as formerly. Henry W. O'Melveny also has been elected to the directorate to fill a vacancy. The board is now composed of James H. Adams, Jared S. Torrance, James R. Martin, Frank M. Brown, John B. Miller, Edward J. Marshall and Henry W. O'Melveny.

Fairmount Park, Riverside, is to be beautified at an expense of \$25,000 to \$40,000 and a bond issue is proposed.

N. W. Halsey & Company have bought the \$68,500 issue of Alhambra, paying \$440 premium.

E. H. Rollins & Co. have bought the \$50,000 boulevard bond issue of Santa Barbara.

A bond election is to be held soon in Ventura to decide on the issuance of \$154,290 in bonds, the money being for street work.

Hollywood votes August 26 on an issue of \$15,000 for fire department purposes.

Pasadena councilmen are discussing the propriety of issuing a call for an election on \$50,000 storm drain bonds.

Foster's Magazine

Volume X

SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 1

Would You Like to Share in the
Enormous Profits

of the

200-Ton Smelter of the
Pacific Smelting Company?

If so, buy some of the 20-YEAR 6%
FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD COUPON
BONDS, offered for a limited time only, a
Bonus of 100% of the stock of said company.

If you realize the enormous dividends paid by smelters, you will write at once for our magazine, which tells all about this offer. Write today.

FOSTER BROTHERS

Suite 516 Bumiller Building

430 South Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.



GERMAN AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

"I've Been Thinking,"

Said a young man the other day, "that the best thing that I could do would be to open a Savings Account in some strong, reliable bank."

It is the best thing that any young man can do. Savings Banks have helped more young men to financial independence than any other one factor.

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest
Open a Savings Account Today
223 South Spring St.

4%

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, May 20, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$11,016,893.66
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,641,078.99
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,083,059.42

Total \$18,741,032.07

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,452,172.10
Circulation	1,233,200.00
Bonds borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	14,660,659.97

Total \$18,741,032.07

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Leaves to Cut

Slang.

The purists are in revolt against the growing prevalence of slang. They see with alarm the encroachment of Adeisms and even of Van Loanisms into all sorts of literature. It is, however, a passing disease, which will soon have had its day. Slang is certainly contagious, and few of us care to avoid the microbe, when a slangy phrase, popular on the street, serves to express what we are trying to depict in words and does it so much better than we can do. Still, slang should have its limits, and some of us would prefer to see it confined to the gayer columns of the daily newspapers. When a writer of the reputation of Samuel Blythe in a journal so venerable and reverend as the *Saturday Evening Post* peppers his copy with slang, some of us at least grow restless if not uncomfortable. And the irritation is increased when the subject of the article is on so serious and sanctified a subject as our own Los Angeles.

Dick Barry's Latest.

The taint of slang, several critics point out, spoils *The Events Man*, the second venture in bound form of Richard Barry, who only a very few years ago was filling assignments in the local room of the Los Angeles Times. *The Events Man* is a disappointment after what the young author proved he could do in *Port Arthur—A Monster Heroism*. Barry's new volume bears earmarks of over-rapid production and is full of newspaperisms. These faults, however, do not destroy the interest of the narrative of "Stanley Washburn, American war correspondent." It is announced as a story of American newspaper enterprise in its most highly developed form. It is supposed to be the personal narrative of an American correspondent engaged in making war news under the very guns of the Russian and Japanese navies. We are assured in the author's preface that the tale is absolutely true in every detail, and this fact, doubtless Dick Barry's own experiences, gives some value to the book, which is published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

In the Realm of the Mystic.

Prof. Hyslop's recent visit of California doubtless will excite fresh interest in the explanation of the "beyond." *The Psychic Riddle*, (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), by Dr. Isaac Funk will give those who are interested in or who have time to dabble in mysticism,

fresh fields for speculative analysis. After an introduction entitled "Somewhat Personal," the author discusses the following topics: (1) Some Reasons Why the Study of Psychic Problems by Scientists Should Be Encouraged; (2) Communications Purporting to Come from Dr. Richard Hodgson; (3) The Phenomena Known as Independent Voices; (4) Typical Cases of Several Classes of Psychic Phenomena; (5) Conclusions—Some Things that Seem Proven and Some Things that Seem Not Proven. An appendix of interesting material illustrates and amplifies the body of the book.

The author's purpose apparently was to shake both scientific men and religious leaders out of their apathy; to disabuse them of their prejudices against such subjects; to open up, in an interesting, forceful way, various lines of inquiry; and to enforce his contentions with copious illustrations, many of them personally vouched for. This purpose has been well executed. No reader, whatever his bias, can fail to acknowledge that the subjects treated are worthy of open-minded consideration, and that glimpses have been here given of actual human experiences which must be reckoned with, and which ought to stimulate thought and conduct immeasurably. Men who essay the role of leadership, whether in religion or science, should be warned by history and current progress against narrow and bigoted conservatism even in the matter of psychic research. This has been Dr. Funk's major contention and it has been legitimately made.

Alice-For-Short.

William De Morgan, the Englishman who started to write novels at sixty-seven years of age and whose book *Joseph Vance* was one of last year's output has returned to the fray with a stupid title. *Alice-For-Short* is a book extraordinarily long, extraordinarily full, extraordinarily sweet, extraordinarily packed with the observations of sixty years, and, above all, extraordinarily English. It appears at times to be simply the longest book in the world; toward the middle one sighs and says, "What! All this still to read?" But one reads on. It is the wildest mixture of stuff; you might call it an American drink if wasn't so obviously a piece of English cooking. It contains passages like Dickens, like Fielding, like Sterne, like Goldsmith; it deals with children in areas, artists in studios, murders, apparitions, middle class heavy dinners; it goes back to the eighteenth century, it is full of the grime and soot of the nineteenth. It deals with love, poverty, drink, digestion, the psychology of a very poor child in a basement, with amiability, with dropt h's. It is full of the English trick of allusiveness—as full of it as the *Sentimental Journey*; there is not in it a single direct statement, there is not a single character without a nickname; its story is incredibly involved. But there it is; it is the English novel come back to us at last, bursting on us again—after the lapse of a of a generation. It ought to be in three volumes.

No one can tell a sea story better than Morley Roberts. The *Flying Cloud* (L. C. Page & Co.) is an emigrant sailing ship of the old type, and the adventures that befell her while stirring enough, are not out of the ordinary in the days when such a voyage meant a large slice out of a year. The main interest of the story is the mysterious malady of the captain, which turns a daring and able seaman into a weak and irresolute automaton, and which nearly causes the loss of the ship.

SONNET

By E. R. TAYLOR, Mayor of San Francisco

Say that his bosom nursed black pools of mire,
Where venom'd snakes their lustful poison bred,
On which in bestial mood he weakly fed
Until Law smote him with relentless ire;
Yet in his soul still flamed celestial fire;
And beauty's lovely legions wide outspread
Her conquering banner there, as raptur'd sped
The songs that shook his music breathing lyre.
His dungeon's foulness leaves no speck nor stain
Upon the white refulgence of his strain,
Nor bars its way along the loving years;
Nor takes the least from his all priceless gain,
That at the last he calmed his spirit's fears,
And died embathed in his repentant tears.

I shall make a brave death,
Spite of hell and all;
I shall with my parting breath
Hold pale fate in thrall.

I shall make a brave death,
Stand thou by and see,
How old comrade life and I
Can part company.

—From *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (July).

CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

MAJOR E. H. BAKER, Superintendent.
BARTLETT R. BISHOP, A. B., Principal.

Boarding and Day School for Boys.
Fits for all colleges, scientific schools
and for business. Fall Term begins
Sept. 25, 1907. Catalog on application.



The
Most Popular Excursions
of the Season.

LAKE TAHOE

in the Sierra Nevada
Mountains 15 miles from
Truckee—One of the most beautiful spots
in California. Renowned for the purity,
clearness and depth of water. A paradise
for fishermen.

Special Excursions leave Los Angeles
Saturday August 17 and September 7
and 21.

\$23.00 Round Trip

Return limit 21 days.

Passengers remain in San Francisco
from morning until evening, and stop-
overs are permitted at that point on re-
turn trip within limit.

Information and illustrated booklet at

CITY TICKET OFFICE

600 SOUTH SPRING ST., COR. SIXTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Any Book Reviewed on
this Page Can Be Ob-
tained from Us at the
Lowest Possible Price.

GET OUR MONTHLY LIST OF
RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH CO.

Successors to Stoll & Thayer Co.

"THE BIG BOOK STORE" 252 S. SPRING ST.



BISHOP'S CUP CHOCOLATE

Each small cake contains the milk and sugar, and makes one big cup.

All Grocers.

BISHOP & COMPANY

23 Gold Medals and Highest Awards on Bishop products



PRESERVES

Something New

Made in the foothills. Are different from others. They are made of FRUIT and CANE SUGAR—NOTHING ELSE.

ASK YOUR GROCER

Phoenix Brand
Monrovia
Foothill Preserves

GAS IS THE BEST FUEL

Most Economical
Comfortable
and Cleanly

Expense and heat both stopped when the meal is finished.

Use gas once and you will use it always

Buy a Gas Range

Electrical Appliances

Woodill & Hulse Electric Co.

276 South Main and

111 East Third Street

Opposite Citizens Bank Building

Electrical Repair Work a Specialty

Phones—M 1125; Home Ex. 24

THE GRILL ROOM

—OF—

BRISTOL CAFE

The entire basement of the H. W. Hellman Building, is the meeting place of the leading bankers and business men of the city, men who always find the best place to dine.

ENTIRE BASEMENT OF

H. W. HELLMAN BUILDING

RICHERT BROS.

"SMALL BLACK"

COFFEE

40¢ POUND CAN.
ALL GROCERS



PURITAS

For a few cents per week you can keep a generous supply of pure drinking water on hand.

For a few cents per week you cannot afford to endanger your health with impure water. Drink PURITAS.

We furnish a water cooler for office use at 75c per month while you use Puritas. Coil cooling device—ice does not come into contact with water.

5 GALLON DEMIJOHN 40c.

Coupon Books Reduce the Cost

Either Phone, Ex. 6

L. A. Ice & Cold Storage Co.



A Pure Milk Pointer



LILY MILK

The question is up to you—will you take sterilized Lily Milk or something less pure, less safe? Lily Milk is so good you will always use it after a fair trial.

Sold by all Grocers.

Prepared in conformity with the National Pure Food Laws by the Pacific Creamery Co.
Los Angeles